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MICHAEL FERRYS.¹

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[LADY CLIFFORD.]

CHAPTER XX.

‘He ought to have a change,’ said Lady Gryffydd, to the old Welsh doctor, uneasily. There was a vague fear clutching at her heart, founded, as only a mother’s fears can be, on instinct rather than reason. ‘I can’t think why you don’t insist, now that at last he has come to himself, on sending him for a change.’

‘Where would you get a purer air than this?’ said the doctor, resentfully. ‘And besides, Mr. Ferrys is not fit to be moved at present. He could not stand the train.’

‘The least noise makes him jump out of his skin, poor fellow,’ said Mrs. Loveden, sympathetically.

‘Mrs. Kelson has written to beg us to let him drive over to Cwmcoel, and stay with her,’ said Lady Gryffydd, faltering a little as she met her sister’s astonished eyes. ‘It is quite true, what she says, that these surroundings must be very bad for his spirits. And her house is much more comfortable than this.’

‘I’d as soon send him to a mad-house direct, as let him be talked to death by that woman,’ cried the old doctor, warmly.

‘How can you think of such a thing, Mary Theresa?’ said Mrs. Loveden, reproachfully. ‘And he only just come back to life, as it were. Often and often have I thought how near death he looked as he lay with his poor shaven head on the pillow, and the marks of those dreadful leeches on his temples—’

‘I never for a moment thought he would die,’ said Lady Gryffydd, with the certainty of one who, whilst far from wishing that a sufferer should not recover, yet holds him in no such special affection as to indulge in needless fears.

‘It is not a question of dying,’ said the old doctor, crossly, ‘but

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of extending your hospitality to this young gentleman until he's fit to be moved.'

'I don't mean to be inhospitable,' said Lady Gryffydd, tearfully, 'though of course he can't stay here for ever. But when people talk of melancholia——'

'Who has been talking of melancholia?' demanded the doctor.

Lady Gryffydd evaded the question. 'You can't prevent people from talking, try as you will,' she said resentfully; 'and when he lies there day after day, with his eyes closed—or staring at the ceiling with that frown between his brows—and taking no notice of anything or anybody—he used to be always laughing——'

'He has had a terrible shock—mental as well as physical, Mary Theresa,' cried Mrs. Loveden.

'I don't know why you should talk as though he were the only one,' said Lady Gryffydd, tremulously. 'And poor Bernard has enough to do, one would think, to fight his own sorrow. It cannot be good for his spirits to live in Michael's sick-room as he does.'

'He doesn't go in very often. The nurse won't allow it. But it is true that he is always on the watch, and poor little Thekla, too,' said Mrs. Loveden in subdued tones.

'I have forbidden Thekla to go near the room, or to talk to the nurses either,' said Lady Gryffydd, almost sharply. 'What has Thekla to do with it? She does not know Michael. He has never even seen her. It—it is not good for a child of her age to be hanging about a sick-room,' she added, faltering once more as she met her sister's honest open gaze of reproach and wonder.

'The less anyone hangs about this sick-room the better,' said the doctor, vaguely conscious of discord, and willing to soothe Lady Gryffydd's strange, and indeed unusual irritation. 'A few more days of absolute quiet will make a different man of him. But it's been left to me to oversee him, and until Sir William's been down again, I won't hear of his being moved. Later, Sir William will want him up in town, to be under his own eye for a while.'

'I cannot believe he is so bad as Sir William makes out,' said Lady Gryffydd, obstinately. 'I never believe in these great doctors; and it's not as if he 'd fallen from a height.'

On the evening of the day when the great specialist—after due consultation with the local doctor—pronounced Michael to be out of danger, Thekla crept into her mother's room, in the dark, and waited for her to come up to bed.

It had been raining, and the damp made the room chilly, so

that she presently put a match to the shavings beneath the great heap of old apple-logs and fir-cones on the open hearth. The flames illumined the lofty room with its gloomy four-poster, and the little cot which had once been Bernard's, and the tall uncurtained mullion windows through which could be seen the tossing branches of the forest trees that shaded the terrace against a wild night sky.

Thekla crouched beside the fire, holding tightly in her hand a little bundle of treasures attached to a slender gold chain which hung about her neck, and which was usually concealed beneath her dress; from the chain depended one or two medals such as convent children wear and cherish next their hearts, and a tiny blue silk case containing her sister's last letter, of which she knew the ending by heart.

'How I count the days to your coming home in the summer and seeing Michael. I know you will love him at first sight; he has such an attractive face. But when you know him it will be his beautiful nature that will attract you even more than his looks. Go on praying for him, darling Thekla. The only wish I have left in the world now is that he may receive the gift of faith.'

The poor child cried pitifully as she prayed for her sister's soul, and for Michael, and for grace to subdue a little rebellious heart . . .

She heard her mother's slow step on the stair—the weary step of increasing heaviness of flesh and spirit; and she heard her bid Mrs. Loveden good night, in her soft voice; and knew the sisters were exchanging the usual calm kind matter-of-fact kiss of custom and affection.

Then she uttered her faint call. 'Mother!'

'My darling! Were you waiting to say good-night to me? I didn't know. I thought you'd slipped up to bed. I would have come sooner if I'd known.'

'I wanted to speak to you.'

She flung herself impetuously against the soft round knees, as Lady Gryffydd sank into the easy chair within the circle of the grateful warmth of the wood-fire.

'Mother, let me go back to the convent now. Don't keep me here. Let me be a postulant as soon as they'll let me. Never mind what Uncle Ambrose says about Grandpapa's rule of waiting until a girl is one-and-twenty. Let me go back. I shall lose my vocation if you don't let me go now. Don't consult Aunt Lucy, or listen to anyone unless it's to Uncle Joseph, who always said it was wisest to let a girl go before she'd tasted worldly pleasures, and not after. After,—after,—who knows what would happen to me

after——' said Thekla, with a little sob in her throat. 'Oh, mother, listen to me! Act on your own responsibility for once, and let me go away to-morrow. It's—it's for Winefride's sake I'm asking as much as for my own. It was all settled, and I was so happy—and now I've come back it's all slipping away, and I can't—I can't—make you understand,' she sobbed wildly and unrestrainedly.

But though Lady Gryffydd could be so undecided, so peevish, so inconsistent and foolish—in comparison with the calm and sensible Mrs. Loveden—she possessed nevertheless to the full the mother's quick insight and intuitive scent of danger, where her child was concerned; and though Winefride had been so dear to her, Thekla was dearer yet; the little black sheep—in spite of her waywardness, or perhaps because of it,—was secretly her idol. A vague fear for her youngest-born leaped into her heart.

She laid her soft hands upon the fair head bowed against her knee, and soothed her weeping daughter with gentle caresses and murmured endearments.

'Hush, my darling. Hush, my baby. Do not cry. We needn't ask anybody's advice, you and I. And whether you go or stay is nobody's business but yours and mine. You shall go back to-morrow morning, and come home to me later when I'm alone; or stay and enter the novitiate, as you choose. Nobody shall come between me and my child, nor between my darling and her vocation, unless it be God's will,' said the poor lady, with the tears falling fast from those eyes of faded blue, already marred and dimmed with weeping for that other child who would cry to her for help no more.

No breath of autumn had as yet touched the green woods, but the white mists clung heavily to the hillside and floated low in the valley above the river, and the dew lay thick and white as hoarfrost upon the grass beneath the loaded fruit-trees.

Thekla sped lightly over the mountain-paths and rocky steeps, for she was accustomed to the roughness of the way, and scarcely used the walking-stick she carried. The sun had not long risen when she reached the hermit's glen, and found Mr. Edyvean waiting for her beneath the thatched verandah of his cottage, with the remains of his frugal breakfast spread upon the table before him.

Her call had reached him long before she turned the corner of the little garden laid out upon the shelf of the hill—a slender black-clad figure, with her golden hair shining under the brim of her straw hat.

Mr. Edyvean wasted no time in greetings.

'Is he better?'

'Yes, he is better. Out of danger. He is going to get well,' said Thekla, but her tone was dejected.

He fetched a cup and poured out some coffee for her as a matter of course.

There was a strange sympathy between the two, and a mutual habit of taking things for granted which obviated the necessity for much explanation.

'Here are blackberries and cream, and lettuce, to eat with your bread-and-butter. I am sorry I have nothing more substantial ready.'

'I don't want to eat. I've come to say good-bye. I'm going back to the convent. I'm not sure I shall ever see you again,' she said, and seated herself on a three-legged stool beside the table.

He observed drily that never was a long time; but being secretly tender of her youth and weakness, and remembering the long walk she had taken, he had no mind to allow her to exhaust herself by unnecessary fasting.

He rose, in his serene and leisurely fashion.

'I will come back and talk to you in a minute,' he said. 'I must go and lift my glue-pot off the fire. Meantime, eat and be thankful, little elf of the woods.'

He was absent for a few moments only; but returning, was relieved to find that she had mechanically imbibed the coffee; and was absently engaged with the blackberries and cream.

He forbore to make any comment, leant back in his armchair among the roughly fashioned red cushions, and began stuffing the bowl of his pipe with tobacco, though he carefully refrained from lighting it.

Thekla finished the blackberries and bread-and-butter, and then sat silently staring over the gully, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand.

She had thrown aside her old black hat, and he thought of her dead sister as he watched her; sighing as he remembered that lost fairness, which had been a thing of wonder to him, as was the fairness of little Thekla now.

The sunbeams had conquered the morning mist, and were slanting redly across the dewy woods and the garden—with its groups of glowing dahlias and great sunflowers; they shone upon the grey stones of the walls, and the rough yew-posts of the verandah.

Thekla, leaning forward, was touched by one of these golden shafts, which lighted the pure transparent colour of her face, and dazzled her blue eyes, and turned the fine abundant hair that was combed up and off her brow, to a web of spun gold.

'You said the lad was better,' said Mr. Edyvian, at last, as she did not speak.

'Yes——' Her colour came and went. 'The nurse let me peep in at the door this morning when he was asleep, and he looked quite different. She said the other nurse had no business to tell Mamma that his brain might turn out to be permanently injured, and that the doctor would be very angry with her if he knew she had said anything of the kind. I like this nurse better than the other. I know that Bernard was afraid of something like that happening, because he was so angry with Mamma for saying that it would be far better to die than to lose one's reason; and he said that whatever happened he should take care of Michael as long as he lived.'

'He is very fond of him.'

'Yes,' said Thekla, and she was silent again for a few moments. Then she said—

'I can't stay very long because I am to go by the eleven-thirty train. But I couldn't go without telling you—and on my way back I am going to say good-bye to—to my Winnie's grave.' Her sweet lips quivered.

In spite of the similarity of features and colouring, there was none of Winefride's tranquillity of expression on Thekla's face; she was a creature of moods and whims, of smiles and frowns—impetuous as her dead sister had been placid of nature.

'You mustn't try to stop my going,' she said, anticipating the hermit's words, with a spark in her blue eyes. 'I know—I know I'm doing right.'

'My dear! Who am I to try and stop you——' he said, gently. 'You have a mother and a brother to advise you.'

She shrugged her shoulders.

'Oh, Mamma! And as for Bernard——' a shadow crossed her brow, 'it was Winnie who was everything to him—he has always treated me like a child. But I'm no longer a child.'

Her bosom swelled and her face flushed.

'It is true. You are no longer a child,' he said, nodding his head.

'Only Winnie understood,' said Thekla. 'I wish I could go to her.' Her eyes filled. 'She would have known I was doing right, however hard it was.'

He was surprised, recalling the ecstatic letter in which Thekla had informed him of her vocation ; and almost involuntarily the words escaped him—

‘Has it become hard?’

He was astounded at the confusion into which the question threw her.

Her fair brow and cheeks, and even her white neck, flushed crimson.

‘My dear—if you have changed your mind—no one in the world would have the right—or the heart—to blame you,’ he said.

‘Oh, you don’t understand. The people who don’t know never do,’ she said, impatiently. ‘You think someone is trying to make a nun of me against my will ; trying to catch me and shut me up while I’m too young to know what I’m doing. If you only knew how unlike it is to anything of that kind ! Why, half of them at the convent don’t believe I’ve a vocation at all, and most of the others are very doubtful. I was always the naughtiest of all the children. But Reverend Mother says those are the kind who sometimes turn into the best nuns. The ones she distrusts are the converts who are so frightfully zealous to begin with, and think a vocation is the simplest thing in the world ; not the ones who go in rather unwillingly than otherwise, knowing they’re going to hate it all at first.’

‘But if you hate it, why do you go, my poor little sprite?’

‘I’ve got to try,’ said Thekla. ‘I’ve known I’ve got to try for ages and ages ; and the more I’ve known it the more I’ve hated it. But it doesn’t alter the necessity. I can’t explain—people always think things they don’t really know anything about, nonsense.’

‘Not people so old as I,’ said Mr. Edyvean, with a little twinkle in his hazel eyes. ‘We will leave it to fools to condemn that of which they have no personal knowledge, little Thekla ; and I have certainly no personal knowledge of the inner life of a convent. What I have heard and what I have read thereof does not much attract me, but,’ he smiled, ‘neither does the life on board ship attract me ; I am a bad sailor, and I have no love for the ocean wave even when I am not sea-sick. Nevertheless I am aware that there are many who have a passion for the sea, and a craving for a seafaring life, incredible as it seems.’

‘I should have thought you would have sympathised with

the life of a religious,' said Thekla, wistfully—'you who have left the world, and are so solitary—like the old saints.'

'Solitude with freedom is one thing; but solitude in a community under obedience to superiors is another,' said Mr. Edyvean. 'Yet I understand that the life of a nun,—a holy woman given up to good works and prayer, may be a beautiful life. But not for you, little wild elf. You cannot see yourself as I see you, standing there in the sunshine, with the glory about you of your youth and health, and a colour in your face that is as delicate as the colour of the rose-geranium trailing from the basket over your head,—and not a whit more lasting. Little sister, enjoy the morning of your day while you may. The measure of your youth is but a little little span; and by the time you have realised its value you are already old. Give life—and love—a chance before you hide yourself in a nun's veil. It may be that happiness undreamed-of is waiting for you in the great beautiful world of which you know nothing. If you miss it—nay—if you find it for a time and lose it in the end—when you are tired, and old, and disappointed and disillusioned—then surely it will be time enough for you to creep into the cloister, and seek for peace there to end your days.'

Thekla turned on him with a dramatic gesture, and her blue eyes—no less fiery than had been the blue eyes of old Sir Bryn Gryffydd—flashed on him with all the frank and lofty scorn of her intolerant youth.

'Mr. Edyvean,' she said, in breathless indignation, 'are you asking me to give to God the devil's leavings?'

'Bernard!'

'Michael, old fellow.'

'You don't mean to say the nurse has actually left me alone in such dangerous, exciting company as yours!'

'On condition I promised only to talk of the weather and the crops'; the boy laughed tremulously to conceal the emotion that possessed him on seeing a faint shadow of the familiar smile on Michael's face once more.

'She's taken good care I should never have the chance to talk to you, or to anyone else, about anything,' said Michael; 'not that I've felt much like talking—'

'Does your head hurt you still?'

'I've always more or less of a headache; that's what they're

fussing about. I wonder what she says to you about me? I caught her trying to test my mental powers yesterday, and asked her if she thought I were in for aphasia.'

'What did she say?'

Bernard unwittingly betrayed his anxiety.

'Laughed me to scorn with well-acted surprise,' said Michael, grimly. 'I suppose she thinks I haven't the remotest idea of the whereabouts of the grey matter in the human brain-pan.'

'I'm sure I haven't.'

'You may take it from me that the corner of the font discovered it all right.'

'There's scarcely a mark left now,' said Bernard; 'the morning after your fall the whole of your face was quite black. And your eyes had absolutely disappeared. They were all bunged up like a prizefighter's.'

'It must have been a pretty heavy fall, for there's no doubt I've had a bit of a brain-shake,' said Michael.

'Don't let's talk of it, or the nurse will be rowing me when she gets back. I've had orders to keep off the subject.'

'Well, you've obeyed orders up to date,' said Michael; 'but there's something I want to ask you before I pack up my sticks and follow the great Sir William back to London.'

'You're not fit for that yet.'

'I'm fitter than they think, and I'm going quite soon,' said Michael, quietly. 'As soon as I can stand the jar of the train. And directly I get there, I shall put that work in hand—you saw the plans—'

'Michael! It was conditional——' the boy faltered and broke down.

'It will be Winefride's monument,' said Michael; he uttered her name steadily—'the fulfilment of one of her dearest wishes. We won't talk about it—but it's going to be done; and you'll be here, on the spot, to report progress. There, I've got that off my chest. Now I want to ask you a question.'

He closed his eyes for a moment, and then, shading them with his hand, looked at Bernard in the dim light of the wood-fire, which was carefully screened from the bed.

'It was you who found me, after my fall, wasn't it?'

'Yes. I rushed back and called Uncle Joe and your servant, and we carried you into the hall. You were quite unconscious.'

'When you found me,' said Michael, 'was there anyone else in the church?'

'Not a soul.' Bernard looked surprised. 'We'd all left, and gone in to breakfast; and Uncle Joe sent me back at once to ask you to join us.'

'I see,' said Michael.

'I suppose you fainted so suddenly that you couldn't save yourself,' said Bernard. 'I did that once or twice at school, going to early mass fasting. Everything used to turn dark—but I generally managed to catch hold of something in time—and go out.'

'I never fainted before in my life that I know of,' said Michael, slowly. 'I remember everything turning dark as you say—and trying to save myself from falling—and all that happened up to that moment vividly—most vividly—'

There was a little space of silence.

'The funny thing is that you should have seemed to recover so entirely,' said Bernard, 'and been so perfectly all right to all appearance; able to explain to us exactly what you wanted, and go through with it all, before collapsing again so utterly. At least it seemed very strange to me; but the doctor said such intervals of complete consciousness were not uncommon in cases of concussion.'

Michael made a sudden movement, and looked attentively at him.

'What do you mean?' he said.

'Don't you remember?' said the boy, startled.

'Remember what? I've told you I remember fainting in church. After that my mind is an absolute blank—'

'But you told us you were all right, over and over again. You seemed all right—' urged Bernard, in dismay.

'Look here, old boy—' said Michael, with a very evident effort to subdue the irritability born of his weakness, 'tell me exactly what happened, and no doubt it will all come back to me. As it is, it hurts me to think.'

Bernard told him.

He lay very still, with his face turned away; and Bernard waited, distressed and bewildered.

The fire had died down so low that the room was almost in darkness, and he could not judge of the expression of his friend's face, nor did he dare to disturb him with questions.

'That's all right, old fellow. Don't upset yourself,' said Michael, gently.

'Oh, Michael!' The boy's voice trembled. 'I can't help feeling responsible. Uncle Joe wanted to put off, but I wouldn't let him. You said you were absolutely all right, over and over again; and you—you appealed to me. How could I fail you?'

'Aren't you glad you didn't?' said Michael, quietly.

'I *was* glad—when you seemed so near to death.' Bernard's voice sank to a whisper. 'I thanked God then over and over again, and thought that it was—Winefride's prayers—that she had prevailed in death where she had failed in life. She used to tell me so often she would gladly lay down her life to obtain this grace for you—she loved you so——' his words ended in a sob. 'It all made it so clear to me that her—her death—which seemed so cruel—was not in vain. I thought how she must be rejoicing—and it helped me. I—I never even dreamed you—didn't know what you were doing—you seemed so perfectly all right,' he repeated, in boyish misery.

'But the fact remains——' said Michael, calmly.

'I—I suppose so. I don't know what Uncle Joe—will say——'

'If he's given a chance to make himself wretched over a scruple of any kind you may be quite sure he'll avail himself of it,' said Michael, rather faintly. 'My loss of memory has nothing to do with you, nor with him, nor with anybody on earth except myself. I'll see him when I go up to London, and make everything all right.' He exerted himself to rise on his elbow, to give force to his injunction. 'You've only to hold your tongue, and dismiss everything from your mind but the fact that I'm—one of you—now—to all eternity.'

He lay back, exhausted, with glittering eyes, and, in spite of himself, betrayed the pain he was suffering by pressing his hand to his throbbing brow.

But Bernard was too entirely engrossed in his anxiety for his friend's soul to think at all, for the moment, of his physical condition. Almost beside himself with relief and wonder and joy, he gasped:

'Then you don't regret?'

'Regret! What have I to regret? Don't you see,' said Michael, 'that it's been taken out of my hands?'

'What have you done to him?' said the nurse angrily to Bernard,

when, later, he came to the door of Michael's room to ask if he might bid him good-night.

'Is he worse?'

'Worse—there's his temperature gone up, and his eyes shining like stars, and his head fit to split. I shall have him tossing and sleepless all night.'

'I'm very sorry,' said poor Bernard.

She relented slightly at the sight of the alarm and contrition on his face.

'There, I daresay he'll quiet down again. You can go in and say good-night while I take these things away. But mind, no more talk of any kind. It's so disappointing to have him set back just when he was doing so well. There was your mother this morning, wanting to know when he'd be able to go to that blessed church again; would have worried *him* about it too if the doctor hadn't stood firm, and told her she might just as well offer to take him to a lunatic asylum at once and be done with it. And I told her myself. There's a time for everything, I said.'

'Good-night, nurse.'

Though Bernard was but a boy—and so fair of face that he might have been a girl,—he was not wanting in a certain dignity when he was displeased, and the gravity of his look suddenly checked the volubility of the nurse.

'Good-night, Sir Bernard,' she said, in subdued tones, and stood aside to let him pass.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was Mrs. Loveden, who with a boldness most unusual, took the initiative, to her own surprise, and that of her sister, and invited Michael to her quiet little house.

'I can put you up, and a nurse as well, and make you very comfortable, until Sir William has done with you, which I daresay will be very soon——' she said, apologetic in her diffidence. 'I have a nice spare room, and you would scarcely know you were in London, it is so quiet. Of course it will be dull for you—but if you would not mind that—and surely it would be better for you than an hotel,' she urged.

When Michael thanked her she shed tears.

'If you knew what a heartfelt pleasure it would be—for me, who live all alone and have no one to think or plan for. And besides the pleasure for myself, it would be almost as though I were doing something for—for our darling. No one knows how I loved her nor how I miss her,' she said, with trembling lips.

'But you wouldn't like to go to London at this time of year?'

'It is but a few days earlier than usual.'

'She always leaves us on the 1st of October,' said Lady Gryffydd, and Mrs. Loveden then knew that the plan found favour in her sister's eyes, and redoubled her entreaties.

'I shall be only too glad,' said Michael, inclined to accept, partly because he was touched by Mrs. Loveden's sincere anxiety to be of use to him, and partly because he was constitutionally reluctant to say No to anyone when it was possible to say Yes. 'But I shall feel I am acting selfishly in taking you away.'

'It is not that I shall not miss her,' said Lady Gryffydd, 'but I have Bernard. We are very happy together.'

'I think you and Bernard will be even glad to be alone together for a time,' said Mrs. Loveden, 'and later, you will be coming to me yourself, dearest; or perhaps going to Thekla's convent, as you said.'

Lady Gryffydd's expression scarcely changed, but the quickness of feminine perception,—above all the perception of a sister—told Mrs. Loveden that she had committed an indiscretion.

'Thekla! The little sister whom I have never seen,' said Michael, softly. 'Did she not come home for——' he stopped abruptly.

'Only for a day or two,' faltered Mrs. Loveden.

'She is not happy away from her convent,' said Lady Gryffydd; 'you know she is going to be a nun. But about this plan of Lucy's—what could be better?—' she turned the conversation with a haste which evinced plainly enough to her sister her alarm lest any interest or curiosity should be aroused in Michael concerning Thekla. 'The only difficulty would be, whether my sister has room for your servant?'

'Dear—dear—dear—it is strange I never thought of that,' said Mrs. Loveden, in such dismay that she forgot all about Thekla, in the thought of the flutter that the advent of Michael's dignified and serious-looking valet might cause among her quiet maids; and the difficulty of finding a room for him.

Michael calmed her anxiety by declaring that his servant would easily find quarters for himself, and keep himself entirely out of the way except when he was wanted ; and presently all was settled, and the date of his departure for London fixed.

He was touched by the solicitude exhibited for him by the two sisters in the midst of their own grief—if that could be called grief which held so much of resignation. He observed their calm, their patience, and the consolation they found in their Faith—and thought of Mrs. Roath in the hour of her trial—of her restlessness—her despair. . . .

There began for Michael one of those periods of uneventful days which sometimes follow a great catastrophe or unusual happening of any kind.

With the adaptability of his pliant nature he took his place in Mrs. Loveden's home as though it had been his own, divining through his gift of sympathetic perception that his presence filled a gap in a lonely life ; and giving a pleasure, the extent of which he could hardly gauge, to the childless woman who entertained him.

He accepted her care and kindness and hospitality with the simplicity and gratitude natural to him ; and his manner combined that happy mixture of deference and protectiveness which belongs to the ideal son of a woman's fond imagination.

' If he had but been *really* my son ! ' thought Mrs. Loveden in the intervals of her anxious thought for her guest's requirements ; willing as she was, poor lady, to spend her frugal savings, or run herself off her legs, to get the young man who might have been her son anything he fancied, or anything that might be good for him, that could be obtained in all London.

' Oh, the blessing of children ! That those who have them seem to take so calmly. It is very well to talk of the anxiety—but to have someone to be anxious about is all I would have asked ! Where is the interest in ordering meals for oneself—making plans for oneself ? People talk of young men being inconsiderate. I can't help thinking it must be the older people who lack consideration. They don't think of the poor boys, or study them sufficiently.' She could not help talking thus to her maid Sims. ' Look at Mr. Ferrys. Rich, and accustomed to the best of everything, and yet perfectly contented in this quiet little house, and with the company of an old woman like me.'

'I'm sure he gets the best of everything here, ma'am,' said Sims, resentfully.

'All very nice in a quiet way, Sims; but what do *you* know of the luxury of Paris hotels, pray?' said Mrs. Loveden, who had never been inside a Paris hotel in her life, as Sims was perfectly well aware.

'Nothing, ma'am, I'm glad to say; I'm not the kind that would be likely to go gadding to France,' said Sims, tossing her exclusive head. 'And I should find it hard to believe that such places would be good for a young gentleman recovering from brain fever.'

'Concussion.'

'It used to be called brain fever in my young days, ma'am,' said Sims, firmly. 'I'm old-fashioned.'

'He's getting stronger every day, don't you think?' said Mrs. Loveden. 'He seems to be far less easily startled.'

'I don't know, ma'am. Eliza says he jumped out of his skin when she came into the room suddenly with the coals.'

'Eliza's movements would startle anyone,' said Mrs. Loveden, with displeasure. 'But the specialist said he was doing well, though he wants to keep him under his own eye a little longer.'

'Small blame to him—a rich young gentleman like that,' said the cynical Sims, but her tone softened. 'You're very good to him, ma'am, and no one could help liking him. He's one as has a way with him, and would be liked all the world over by high and low; and now that he's a good Catholic—but he looks as though he didn't care overmuch if he lived or died. One doesn't often come across true love nowadays.'

'He has lost his high spirits, and that look as though he were always half-laughing, and no wonder,' sighed Mrs. Loveden. 'I don't know how we can raise his spirits, Sims; they said he was to be kept cheerful, but under the circumstances it's not possible, even if one had the heart to try.'

'You might get his friends to come and visit him,' suggested Sims. 'He haven't seen a soul outside the family for a long time. It would make a break.'

'The very thing!' said Mrs. Loveden. 'A good idea, Sims.'

'Cheerful company is what's wanted—in cases of brain fever,' said Sims.

'I hope he won't bring a lot of rowdy young men about the house,' thought Mrs. Loveden, recalling the warnings of Mrs. Kelson of Cwmcoel with some alarm. 'But however, even if he

does—one would put up with a good deal if it would bring back his spirits, poor fellow, and make him take a little more interest in life.'

Far from bringing a number of rowdy young men to the house, Michael invited only two ladies to visit him; falling into the not uncommon masculine error of supposing that the females, young or old, who took an affectionate interest in him, would, if they could but meet, be certain to take an equally affectionate interest in each other.

Aunt Milly, finding her beloved and only nephew comfortably established in the house of a woman of her own age, who—had it not been for the death of his betrothed would by this time probably have been his aunt by marriage—was seized with a jealousy so acute that for the moment her Christian charity fell completely into abeyance.

Her efforts to cheer Michael took the form of a burst of weeping as soon as she was left alone with him.

'My poor little Auntie—what's the matter?' he cried in dismay.

'I'm glad that woman has had the sense to leave us at last—' sobbed Aunt Milly; 'I thought she would never have done making conversation! A worldly creature, I am afraid.'

'The kindest creature on earth,' cried Michael.

'It may be so; but I distrust a woman who wears a false front; or, if she must wear it, why need it be a sandy one? Grey would be more suitable to her age.'

'Aunt Milly! What has come to you?'

'I don't know, my dear. I may be prejudiced; but I never did like the idea of putting on hair that had grown on other people's heads,' sobbed Aunt Milly, who wore her own thin soft locks parted on her brow, and twisted into the smallest of knots in the back of her neck, supporting thereby a disproportionate tortoiseshell comb.

'You are wearing a sheep's hair on your back at this moment,'—Aunt Milly started—'and a calf's skin on your feet, and the shell torn from a live reptile'—she uttered a protesting shriek—'below a bonnet trimmed with feathers plucked from a bird,' he persisted.

She refused to be convinced.

'That is quite different. Hair might belong to a dead woman—'

'It is much more likely to belong to a healthy live Norwegian or Swiss peasant,' he said, kissing her. 'Don't talk nonsense,

darling, and tell me what on earth is the matter with you? I never saw you like this before.'

'I've been thinking of you, and praying for you all these weeks—ever since I heard—and wondering why you never wrote. I was afraid I'd said either too much or too little in that letter I wrote you. God knows I grieved for you, but you mightn't have understood how much—for your old auntie was never a very good hand at expressing herself.'

'I understood it, darling, when I was able to read it, which wasn't for a long while.'

'They might have sent for me—your mother's own sister—' she sobbed resentfully—'and you at death's door.'

'They might, and they would—if they had known your name, or where you lived.'

'Wasn't I good enough for you even to mention me to them?'

The lines on his brow deepened and he spoke a little wearily.

'My dear little auntie, don't be a goose. I told you my—engagement was conditional. The day it was a settled thing—as soon as the date of the marriage was fixed—if it had ever been fixed—I should have brought—my poor little angel to see you—and only you—since you are the only relative I possess in the world.'

'Oh darling, forgive me. I know you have been loyal always,' she said, in contrite tones, 'but I can't get over the thought, that if you'd died—I should have seen it in the papers—no one would have sent a word to me.'

'That's true, but such things must often happen. And you'd have heard directly afterwards that I'd left you some money in my will,' said Michael, coaxingly. 'That would have cheered you up. Besides, you see I'm not dead, so you were spared hearing anything till I was well enough to send for you.'

'You are far too flippant, darling, and I should have been so happy if I had been allowed to come and nurse you—'

'Heaven forbid,' thought Michael.

'—and I should have brought you back to my own little home, though I know it's poor, and I couldn't have made you so comfortable as you are here,' she sighed, looking round the spotless bedroom, with its cream-tinted walls and carefully chosen coloured prints; its white enamelled furniture, green velvet carpet and rose and white china.

'It seems to me almost too fine for a man's room.'

'Much too fine,' said Michael, smiling, 'but it is Mrs. Loveden's

best spare room, and she has put everything into it that she can think of to make it cheerful and pretty for her visitors. Are you angry with her even for that ?'

'Oh Michael, I am angry because it is she that is taking care of you and not me ! It's only my wicked jealousy. You mustn't take any notice ; only you should remember that I've nobody but you in the whole world, and my heart yearns after you.'

'Poor Mrs. Loveden has nobody either,' said the unwise young man.

'Nobody ! Hasn't she a sister and two brothers alive ? And a nephew and a niece left yet ? Has the woman no feelings for her own family that she must needs run after other people's nephews ?' cried Aunt Milly, with sincere indignation.

'For heaven's sake let us talk of her no more,' said Michael, with a vexed laugh. 'I won't hear my hostess abused.'

'I'm afraid she's got round you, Michael.'

'I'm afraid she has, darling. But there's nothing to prevent you from getting round me too, only you really are going the wrong way about it. Tell me what you've been doing with yourself, and how the old folk in the workhouse are getting on.'

'I—I can't pretend to be interested in one thing when I'm thinking of another,' sobbed Miss Cedd. 'I leave that sort of acting to fine ladies. I have never been taught to hide my thoughts like these proud Papists. But you know as well as I do what is troubling my mind, Michael.'

'I asked you in my letter to leave that subject alone,' he said, softly.

'I know, I know. I haven't breathed a word.'

He thought her a pathetic little figure, sitting in a large armchair, dressed in her best grey alpaca, and best grey silk bonnet with white strings and feather. Her only ornament was a small pearl-encircled brooch, containing the hair of her dead parents and brother and sister, neatly worked into a four-leaved shamrock.

Her thin brown hair with its silver strands was smoothed down on either side of her small worn face, with large guileless brown eyes, wrinkled eyelids, and lips that trembled with nervousness. Her doll-like hands, clothed in grey cotton gloves, were clasped tightly in her lap.

'Poor little thing,' said Michael tenderly. He could not help feeling it strange that anything so small, and so simple, and so frightened as Aunt Milly should be so near akin to himself ; and he

wondered, as he had often wondered before, if his mother would have been just such another, had she lived.

'Oh Michael, my darling! I know I promised not to talk about it, but if I were only cleverer! If I could only argue with you. There are so many arguments, but I lose my poor head and forget them all. Our dear old minister at home would have convinced you in a moment. He was such a wise man as well as such a holy one, that he could have found an answer to every question you chose to ask.'

'I will only ask you one, darling, and you can take as much time over the answer as you choose. Would you rather I had remained without any religion at all, or become a Roman Catholic?'

But Aunt Milly only hid her face and cried.

If Miss Cedd took no violent fancy to Mrs. Loveden, certainly Mrs. Loveden was not, on her side, unduly prejudiced in favour of Miss Cedd.

'I don't think his aunt's visit cheered him up much,' she said to Sims, and thought privately that Michael's only relation had very odd manners and rather a remarkable appearance. 'It is curious he should be so unlike her.'

But being more reticent by nature, and better-mannered by training than Miss Milly, she suffered no hint of her opinion of his aunt to escape her in Michael's presence, and merely expressed a civil hope that he had enjoyed her visit.

As luck would have it, Miss Cedd's next call was paid on the afternoon that Edith Roath had selected for coming to see her convalescent friend; and though Michael was fond of his aunt, he was annoyed at the coincidence.

'Do you mind? I don't like to send an excuse. She's old, and the only aunt I ever had,' he said, raising his eyebrows with an appealing expression, when his servant came in softly to ask whether he felt well enough for a second visitor.

'Of course I don't mind. Only tell me whether I'd better go and come back another day—or sit her out?' said Edith in her calm frank manner.

'Would you mind sitting her out?' he said, hesitating; 'though I am afraid she is liable'—his laugh was a vexed one—'to stay a long time, poor dear.'

'I'll use my judgment,' said Edith, nodding.

Aunt Milly was startled by the apparition of a new hospital

nurse ; tall, and of a rather commanding presence for one so young ; with lustrous dark eyes set in a pale tired face, severely framed by her plain bonnet and velvet strings tied beneath the firm chin ; and a long cloak, which, thrown back, revealed the lines of a beautiful stately figure.

‘Are you to have another nurse, my darling?’

‘No,’ said Michael, annoyed. ‘This is Miss Roath.’

‘But I am a nurse, all the same,’ said Miss Roath, and her dark face dimpled into a sudden charming smile.

‘You look very young to be a nurse. Can such hard work be good for you?’ asked Aunt Milly.

‘It is very interesting work. I think it is good for me ; the want of sleep is the worst,’ said Edith. She spoke with such simplicity and straightforwardness that Aunt Milly’s prejudices melted, and she succumbed to Edith’s charm ; but showed so little sign of any intention to leave that Miss Roath, with an expressive glance at Michael, presently rose, and said good-bye.

‘Come again,’ said Michael, and his brown eyes added urgency to the request.

‘Of course,’ she said, with calm kindness.

‘That is what I call a really nice girl, Michael,’ said Aunt Milly, warmly, when Edith had disappeared.

‘I am glad you like her’ ; Michael could not help speaking drily. He knew now that he had been robbed of his talk with Edith—that he had looked forward to it, though he had told himself repeatedly that he looked forward to nothing in this world.

‘But why is she a hospital nurse?’

‘She wished to be one.’

‘Has she no parents?’

‘Only a mother. Her father died the other day.’

‘And she’s left her poor mother all alone?’

‘Her poor mother wished to be left alone. Don’t look horrified, darling,’ he said, impatiently. ‘They are the best of friends ; they even adore each other ; only each prefers living her own life and has no desire to see the other sacrifice herself.’

But this was a state of things far beyond the limits of Miss Cedd’s imagination.

‘I don’t know what the world is coming to——’ she gasped.

Edith came again, and this time Michael took care that their conversation should not be interrupted.

She observed that his languor was a trifle less accentuated. The black circles under his eyes, and the furrow which pain had ploughed between his dark eyebrows less marked.

'You are getting well,' she said, cheerfully.

'I suppose so.'

'Don't you want to get well?'

Her musical voice was severe.

'Not particularly—' Michael confessed, and then coloured. 'I don't want to talk like a melodramatic ass—but—what have I got to live for?'

She was silent for a moment, and then said gently and compassionately:

'Are you so very unhappy?'

'I don't know.'

She looked surprised.

'I must talk real talk with you, or not at all,' he said, rather desperately. 'I—I suppose I am in a way—very unhappy—but I am also—in a way—at peace.'

'About her?'

'About myself.'

She waited.

'Do you know that I have become a Catholic?'

'I know nothing of you but what you tell me yourself.'

'Do you care to hear how it happened?'

'I care very much to hear anything you care to tell me.'

Her tone was one of frank sincerity. Her long-lashed brilliant eyes were softened by sympathy and interest, though they held not a trace of self-consciousness as they were fixed earnestly upon his dark emotional face.

'I am prepared, of course, to hear you say that the whole thing was all hallucination—especially in view of what happened immediately afterwards.'

'I am not prepared to say anything of the kind,' she said, gently, but rather reprovably.

'You may laugh at me—or be sorry for me, and say I have been the victim of a very natural delusion,' he went on. 'Perhaps it is so—I was never one to fail in the way of doubting—but—but—if it is all an illusion—pray God to leave it to me—' his tone took a note of anguish very real in spite of its forced lightness.

'Tell me,' said Edith, 'and let me judge for myself. Do not

put words into my mouth. It is not given to you to read my heart, nor my thoughts.'

He obeyed, and told her simply, in a few words, of his unexpected arrival at Aberfraw, and of the tragic news that there awaited him.

'Every detail of that infernal night of misery and despair that heralded—her coming to me—is stamped on my brain,' he said, 'and I have only to close my eyes to see the dawn stealing over those hills—and the sunrise,—and the darkness of the stairs and the great hall, with the closed shutters, when I groped my way through the silent house to find the key of the chapel in the hiding place *she* had shown me. And the letting myself noiselessly into the silent church. The kind of lull in the storm of my grief and rage—for it was no less—as I found myself alone there; and the blessed sleep that fell upon me, and the waking to a kind of dulled remembrance of the horror that had killed all hope and happiness for me. And poor old Father de Bronville's tired voice saying mass, and the English prayers when they prayed for my darling's innocent soul. I suppose it was the sound of her name that broke up—what do they call it?—the fountains of my grief——?' He tried to laugh, and the sound of his laugh brought tears to Edith's eyes. 'For I found myself on my knees praying—almost aloud—I think—I knew vaguely that they had all gone—that I was alone—but I don't think I should have cared. I pleaded with God,—and with Winefride—for pity. I confessed the sin of which I was guilty, for I had come down the day before—while she was already lying cold and dead—to try and persuade her to act against her conscience. I said I was sorry like a child, and it was quite true I was sorry—then.

'My spirit almost seemed to go out of my body into the Unknown—searching for her—compelling her to return to me; and I asked that a miracle should be wrought, and that I should see her again for one moment,—for one instant—that I might know she yet existed, and believe. And while I was still asking—I saw her. Believe me or not as you like——' His forehead was wet, and his great eyes were burning. 'I saw her standing in the sanctuary. Do you believe me?'

'Yes, yes, of course I believe you,' said Edith. Her expression was gentler than he had ever known it, and her tone was the soothing tone of the professional nurse, but Michael did not observe this. He gave her a look of passionate gratitude.

'God bless you. You always understand. I wasn't very likely to be deceived. It was broad daylight—sunlight, and I had been refreshed and calmed by sleep. I saw her standing there, with her fair hair shining in the sun, and her blue eyes, that I knew to be closed in death, wide open and looking at me—startled as though I had called her back too suddenly from the other world——' His voice grew tender. 'And the shock of joy was too great, I suppose. I felt everything turning dark, and stretched out my hand to save myself, and felt myself falling; and after that, as is natural, I remember nothing.'

'Now rest——' said Edith.

'I will rest when I have told you all. I wrote you the bare facts of my illness—but this I could not write. The first time I had an opportunity of talking to Bernard, he told me that there had been an interval—between my being picked up unconscious after my fall in church—and my long insensibility later.'

'That is not uncommon—in cases of concussion,' said Edith, nodding. 'I nursed a case in which a lady was thrown out of a covered wagonette and stunned; she recovered perfectly to all appearance, said she wasn't hurt, and walked a mile to her home, talking quite sensibly——' She drew out her little narrative purposely to give Michael time to recover from the agitation into which his recital had thrown him. 'After her arrival her speech became incoherent, and she relapsed into complete insensibility for twenty-four hours; and when she recovered she remembered nothing of the walk home nor of her conversation, though she remembered the toppling over of the wagonette.'

'I also remember nothing that happened during my interval of consciousness,' said Michael; 'nevertheless, during that interval, and by my own urgent request—I was received into the Catholic Church.'

Edith was silent, but Michael was aware that her silence was fraught with sympathy and interest.

When he next spoke his manner showed no trace of the emotion which had possessed him.

'After my illness—when I came to myself—I used to lie and think, and think, in a kind of waking dream. I shunned all efforts to speak. It was no trial to me to abstain from talking and to keep absolutely quiet as they wished. My grief was stilled. It was as though the certainty that she *is*—and is happy and beautiful—more beautiful than ever—made grief impossible. Peace came

to me. Now and then the thought touched me vaguely that I must rouse myself and fulfil the vow that I had made. That was like a wind ruffling the calm surface of my mind. But before the thought became insistent enough to trouble that calm overmuch, I heard that I had already been received into the Church. That the ceremony I dreaded was over. It was as though another miracle had been wrought for me; as though my angel's prayer had been granted, as it were, in spite of me. My angel! I can call her that now, which she would not let me call her while she lived.'

Edith seemed to hesitate, and then asked:

'You are practising your religion?'

'As far as I am able. I go to early mass every morning.'

'And you find comfort—consolation—in your faith?'

'Relief unspeakable. Can you not imagine what it is, to be freed from that debility of doubt which has paralysed my mind so long?'

She nodded, yet persisted.

'You have no more doubts? You accept all they tell you—unquestioningly?'

Michael paused.

'I will tell you—' he said, slowly. 'It is as though the details do not concern me; as though they were merged in the glory of the one stupendous fact that the dead do not die—that the immortal soul retains its individuality. I express myself badly, but I can better explain my meaning by saying that, if I attended the levée of a King whose subject I was proud to be, I shouldn't dream of distracting myself during my audience—nor after, for that matter—by criticising and examining the origin of the ceremonies of the court. Such symbols of royalty have from time immemorial been found necessary to keep the underlying fact of real power before the minds of the people. If I were the master of the ceremonies I should doubtless give them my full attention. As it is, I leave all the rules and regulations, and the framing of the same, to those who have the collective experience of their predecessors in office to guide them, as well as the authority of the King himself . . . It amounts to this—we can't all be experts.'

He paused again and said almost irritably, 'Why should these small things trouble me since I am once convinced of the reality of the power which they symbolise? Is it likely I could better the policy which Macaulay called "the very masterpiece of human

wisdom"? *I want only to kneel where my angel knelt—to seek consolation where she would have had me seek it—to acknowledge that I accept the sign given to me. I have sailed out of a tempest into a dead calm. I'm content to rest there. I don't want to argue, nor to think, nor to struggle any more. I don't realise, even yet, what I've gained, nor what I've lost.*

'That's what I mean when I tell you I don't know whether I'm so very unhappy,' he said. 'I suppose I must be because the things of earth now seem to me of not the slightest consequence; my parting with Winefride but a momentary parting. It is only when one comes down from the heights'—he smiled faintly—to the boredom of convalescence, that life seems to stretch before one as so unbearably long and empty without her, that I wish I could be done with it once and for all.'

Edith's bright eyes scanned his pale dark face. She noticed with compassion how much he had changed. The large brown eyes, soft as a spaniel's, were now surrounded by great hollows, and melancholy in spite of the twinkle never wholly banished from their depths. His good looks, the fine shape of his head and features, were even more apparent in his thinness; but her critical observation noted the weakness of that handsome mouth and chin.

There were no firm lines of purpose drawn upon that face by the six-and-twenty sunny, pleasant, aimless years of Michael's life; his natural amiability and willingness to please had lent a certain sweetness, as his natural light-heartedness and humour had lent a certain charm to his expression. But the aimlessness had nevertheless stamped its mark upon his face, as surely as innate energy of will and consciousness of fulfilled endeavour had given Edith that steady glance, and firm line of the pretty closed lips, and straight poise of the little classic head.

Unconsciously, as she looked at Michael, her expression changed; the latent energy that burned in her dark eyes made itself felt. He moved uneasily.

The thought occurred to him that the relief of disburdening his mind would be dearly paid for if Edith were to disturb the calm and settled melancholy which he termed content. And with his habitual quickness of perception he divined that she was minded to disturb it.

'But since you can't be done with your life by wishing,' she said slowly—'and since you have to live through the period of waiting

which has been assigned to you by fate—what do you propose to do next ?’

He answered more promptly than she expected.

‘As soon as the doctor will let me—as soon as I am strong enough—I shall go, for a time at least, to Fort Aloysius.’

‘I see.’

‘I am not going, at least not entirely, for my own sake,’ his desire for her good opinion impelled him to add—‘there is a boy there, a young monk, who is dying of consumption. I believe the knowledge of my conversion would help him—if he needed such help, which he most assuredly does not—to die happily. I could tell him, what I could not write. It was he who said that if a miracle were needed it would be worked,’ he ended in a low tone.

‘It is kind of you to go to him,’ she said, with a softer note in her steady voice. ‘Is that the Brother Emidius of whom you wrote to me ?’

‘Yes.’

He guessed what was in her mind, and said simply : ‘If they could make a religious of me I should be only too glad. I would give them every chance. But I know it would be of no use. I should get sick to death of the monotony.’

She smiled.

‘I cannot fancy you a monk.’

‘Nor I,’ he said, with the twinkle predominant. ‘Yet it would save a great deal of trouble to have one’s life ordered for one.’

‘Why should you shirk trouble ?’

‘I have shirked it all my life. I suppose you despise me for that ?’

She looked at him gravely. ‘It’s probably purely physical.’

‘Not at all,’ he said, nettled. ‘I have always had excellent health. If anything, I am rather stronger than the average man of my age.’

She rose and held out her hand, and bade him good-bye with the smile that made her face so charming, and a look of kindness in her eyes.

‘You are thinking that in that case I ought to do something to justify my existence,’ he said, deprecatingly.

‘I have told you,’ said Edith sedately, ‘that it is not given to you to read my thoughts.’

‘I wonder,’ said Michael.

(To be continued.)

ADESTE FIDELES.

I. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

BY SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S.

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, our lamented hero, rightly takes his place with the greatest of our Polar explorers, the *Dii Majores*, with Franklin, Parry, Ross, McClintock and Meham. Like Franklin and Parry he was unostentatiously religious and was devoted to the care and welfare of his men; like Ross he was a highly trained scientific officer; like McClintock and Meham he was a splendid organiser, and made the grandest journeys in the Antarctic, as they did in the Arctic regions.

Scott entered the navy from Stubbington School, and I knew him first in the *Rover*, one of the ships of the training squadron in the West Indies, under the strict rule of Captain Noel. The young midshipman was efficient, zealous, and always very popular. He won a cutter race at St. Kitts, which was arranged by some of the lieutenants of the squadron to try various qualities in the younger officers; and when a midshipman Scott was allowed to keep officer's watch on board the *Rover* in the daytime. Passing for a lieutenant with flying colours (1.1.1.1.) in 1889, he soon afterwards began to study on board the *Vernon*, and in 1893 he became a torpedo lieutenant. He wrote the whole section for the 'Torpedo Manual' and suggested all the instruments to be used. He had a thorough knowledge of surveying instruments and the principles of surveying, as well as of electricity and magnetism. It was in those days that I was with him again at Vigo, when he was torpedo lieutenant of the *Empress of India*. He was then keen about making out the details of Rooke's action in the upper harbour. Thoroughly efficient in his own department, he had many other interests. I was impressed at St. Kitts when I knew him as a midshipman, as well as at Vigo where I saw how highly he was thought of, that here were the makings of a splendid Polar commander.

When at length, after long years of striving, the Geographical and Royal Societies' Antarctic expedition became a reality, I wrote to Sir George Egerton, the most distinguished Arctic officer then

afloat, to ask him who were the best men to command such an expedition. He sent me a short list, where foremost and on the top was the name of my young friend of the training squadron days. Next day Scott came himself to volunteer in a very modest way, not knowing of his captain's report. He had been some years in the *Majestic* with Prince Louis of Battenberg. Lord Goschen and Lord Walter Kerr warmly approved my selection. Yet there was much tedious opposition, and it was not until June 9, 1900, that he was appointed.

Scott went to work at once, superintending the building of the ship, examining into every detail of victualling, clothing, and equipment, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the previous history of sledge travelling, selecting officers and men, going with me to Norway to see Nansen and learn everything connected with his methods, and to Denmark to examine the work of the pemmican factory. Nothing escaped him. He was a leader of large conceptions, at the same time attending to the minutest details.

At last we see Scott in command of a ship admirably suited for its purpose, with a fine set of most efficient officers and men of science, and a splendid crew, mostly men-of-war's men. Scott's arrangements for superintending the scientific work were admirable, and all worked from zeal for the cause, and from devotion to a beloved chief. His watchful care for the welfare of his people was unceasing.

With such a commander there was sure to be a busy and a happy ship, and great discoveries in the working seasons.

Only Captain Scott's own sledging journeys can here be referred to. He was the founder and organiser of Antarctic sledge travelling. Every detail of sledge, tent, equipment, clothing, and diet was due to his careful study, afterwards slightly modified by experience. His great southern journey over the Barrier in 1902 when he reached 82° 17' S. was with dogs, and only three men—himself, Dr. Wilson, and Shackleton. Most unfortunately there was a mistake about the dogs' food and they all failed. The men had to drag the loaded sledge back. But Shackleton broke down completely, Scott and Wilson dragging the loaded sledge. He was just able to walk. Scott and Wilson saved his life. In this journey Scott discovered the nature of the ice on the Barrier, the character of the Victorian Mountains with their glaciers descending at long intervals, their trend to S.S.E., and that the South Pole was within the mountains and on the ice cap. He had gone over 960 miles in 94 days.

In the second season of 1903 he undertook a still more important journey, ascending the Ferrar Glacier to a height of 9000 feet, and discovering the vast inland ice cap. Scott alone has penetrated far into this desolate region, having reached a distance of 166 miles from the line of mountains. He had only two companions, Edgar Evans and William Lashley, who shared his dangers, which were of no ordinary character. It was a journey of 1098 miles in 81 days, climbing 9000 feet and making $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day. This is one of the most remarkable Polar journeys on record, both for its geographical discoveries and its scientific results. Scott's magnetic observations, with those at the base, enabled Captain Chetwynd to fix the position of the South Magnetic Pole.

The return of the *Discovery* was a great event in the history of geography. The discoveries and the scientific results were the greatest and most important that any Polar explorer has ever brought back. As a diligent student of Polar voyages I say this deliberately and with knowledge. Eight folio volumes contained the scientific results, while Captain Scott's history of the expedition was a model of what such a narrative should be, alike interesting and full of most valuable original information.

The great explorer felt that there was yet work to be done before he could be satisfied. But it was first necessary to serve his sea-time as a Captain, to which rank he had been promoted, with a C.V.O. from the King and an honorary degree from the University of Cambridge.

Scott was next appointed Captain of the *Victorious*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir George Egerton, being part of the Atlantic Fleet. I was with him at Gibraltar, at the target practice at Tetuan, and together we explored the lovely island of Majorca. I went with him to Granada and Cordova, exploring the Alhambra and the Grand Mosque of the Caliphs and discussing the history of the Arabs in Spain. Scott was a fair Spanish scholar. I was struck by Scott's complete knowledge of the complicated structure he commanded, and by the evident confidence that was felt in him. His 'Discoverys' all wished to follow their beloved commander; and he had Thomas Crean, a seaman who had had 147 days of Antarctic travelling, as his coxswain. Scott afterwards commanded H.M.S. *Bulwark* in the fleet under Lord Charles Beresford, and was finally assistant to Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, second Sea Lord at the Admiralty.

In those days he was married to Miss Edith Agnes Kathleen

Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Canon Lloyd Bruce and of Jane, daughter of James Skene, Esq., Consul at Aleppo, and sister of Mrs. Thomson, widow of the Archbishop of York. An accomplished sculptor, and with rare gifts of intellect and understanding, Mrs. Scott was a perfect helpmate, keenly entering into her husband's views, and proving herself to be a great help to him in his work. Their little son, Peter Markham Scott, was baptized on October 14, 1909, in the old Chelsea Church, with Sir Francis Bridgeman and myself as godfathers. All seemed to be brightness and happiness before him, with every assurance of success and a glorious return home, when he entered upon his second great enterprise.

This was in 1909. Scott had resolved to plant the Union Jack on the South Pole; but he was deeply impressed with the far greater importance of his scientific work, especially of the discovery of fossiliferous rocks which would reveal the history of the great Victorian range of mountains.

Lieutenant Evans was his colleague. I originally selected this young officer (by reason of his enthusiasm, intelligence, and seaman-like qualities) as second officer of the relief ship *Morning*. In the interval of five years he had won the Shadwell Testimonial, and was now a trained scientific officer. On July 8, 1909, Evans came to me with a well-thought-out scheme, and I told him to join forces at once with Captain Scott.

They took an office, the financing and equipment proceeded prosperously, the *Terra Nova* was bought and refitted, and in June 1910 the best-equipped Polar expedition for scientific work that was ever despatched left our shores, with Captain Scott as Commander of the expedition and Lieutenant Evans as second in command and Captain of the ship. Dr. Wilson had been Scott's companion in his great southern journey when they saved the life of a comrade, and a very warm and affectionate friendship existed between the naval captain and the accomplished artist and naturalist. Dr. Wilson was now the chief of the scientific staff, consisting of a very able body of geologists, physicists, biologists, and surveyors.

One of those whose loss we mourn was young Lieutenant Bowers, of the Indian Marine, who only got leave to go on very harsh and illiberal terms. He was full of enthusiasm, and he told me that if the terms had been much worse he would still have gone. Bowers was educated in the *Worcester*, leaving that ship with the best testimonials. Captain Shearme, under whom he served in India,

spoke of him in the highest terms. In the *Terra Nova* he was invaluable, and Captain Scott saw in the young officer a most efficient comrade and a most unselfish and merry messmate, of whom he writes to his mother:

'Your son is just splendid, no praise from me could do him justice. He has taken to sledge-work like a duck to water, and is counted amongst the hardest and best of our travellers. But in addition to a fine physique and splendid constitution he has excellent mental capacity and this has been of the greatest possible use to me. I have learnt to place the greatest reliance in all that he does, and as a consequence, my own work has been made a great deal easier and lighter. Added to unfailing energy he has a great deal of tact and discretion and he is immensely popular with everyone. I owe him a great debt of gratitude and hope to help him forward when our present work is accomplished. He has such a happy knack of coming through difficulties with a smiling face.'

All went happily on the voyage. Dr. Wilson wrote of Teddy Evans:

'A mad schoolboy sometimes, always very thoughtful for other people. He is as full of life and energy as ever, and every one agrees that he manages the ship with perfect seamanship. As captain no less than as a messmate he is simply splendid, the very soul of good spirits, and bursting with life and energy. He keeps every one in the mess as cheerful as he is himself.'

Evans and young Bowers saved the ship, in the furious gale of December 1-3, by scrambling through a hole in the steel bulkhead and reaching the pump suction.

Such were the fine spirits which Captain Scott got around him, all actuated by zeal for the cause and devotion to their beloved leader. A hut was set up in the best position for the geological work, depots were laid out under circumstances of extreme difficulty and danger, and a very happy winter was passed by our explorers—hard-working, accomplished, unselfish men, and good comrades. The journey of Dr. Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry Garrard, in the depth of winter, was considered by Captain Scott as one of the most gallant stories in Polar history.

'That men should wander forth in the depth of a polar night, to face the most dismal cold and fiercest gales in darkness, is

something new ; that they should have persisted in spite of every adversity for full five weeks is heroic. It makes a tale for one generation which I trust will not be lost in the telling.'

Thus Scott wrote of the dear friends, with whom he died, in well-merited praise.

It is not here that the story of the grandest Polar journey on record can be told in detail. We know that all the arrangements were perfect. We know that every precaution that human foresight could devise was taken, guided by the close attention, long experience, and rare ability of the greatest of Antarctic explorers. There was only one danger which no human foresight could provide against, and that danger fell upon them. It was an unavoidable risk. 'We took risks—we knew we took them,' were among the last words of the dying hero.

Captain Scott and his gallant comrades planted the Union Jack on the South Pole. They did this deed of derring-do, without the aid of dogs to be slaughtered afterwards, but by their own unaided efforts. They did much more ; for their diligent search for and discovery of fossiliferous rocks will disclose the history of the Victorian Mountains, one of the most important discoveries connected with the Antarctic problem.

Scott died as he had lived, a brave and honourable gentleman, whose glorious deeds and heroic death will live for ever in his country's annals, unselfish, thinking of others to the very last, full of faith, undated, with his dead friends unbeside him, a true and spotless knight. Contemplating his beautiful life and heroic death, the words addressed to another such hero seem to fill the air :

' Joy may you have and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard achievement by you done,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly registers above the sun,
Where you, a saint, with saints your place have won.'

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

II. EDWARD ADRIAN WILSON.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

A COMBINATION of the artist and the man of science is rare, but it is not so rare as one is apt to think, and when it does occur it is often found in men of noble character and of high purpose. Such a man was Edward Adrian Wilson, who perished so tragically with his heroic companions last March in the Antarctic.

Wilson was born on July 23, 1872, at Cheltenham, where his father, now retired from practice, was for many years a leading physician. If, as is but natural, we try to trace back to their origin the two sides of Wilson's intellectual outfit which are the most outstanding—his love of natural science and his skill in art—we shall find that his paternal grandfather was a well-known ornithologist and was especially a collector and student of humming-birds. Many of his specimens were unique and were lent to Gould for his monograph on this group, and, as so often happens, these birds were not returned, but became, probably inadvertently, incorporated with Gould's Collections, now in the British Museum. A great-uncle, brother of him just mentioned, Dr. Thomas B. Wilson, was also a recognised authority upon birds, and is well remembered for his gift to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia of the magnificent collection of bird-skins made by the Prince de Canino, and purchased by the doctor in Paris.

His artistic bent may have been derived from his father's mother's family, for they all excelled with brush and pencil, or from his own mother, who is first cousin to the well-known Royal Academician, William Yeames. Wilson began to practise drawing at a tender age. As a boy of six he would lie on the floor drawing anything that came to hand, or at times inventing designs out of his head.

Like his uncle, Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the Royal Engineer so well known in connexion with Palestine exploration and his endeavour to save Gordon at Khartoum, Wilson was educated at Cheltenham College. He entered in September 1886, being placed in the IV form. When he left, in July 1891, he was in the VI form, not the classical VI, but the 'special' VI. At school he continued his love of sketching and of observing

animal life. The 'Records of the Boys' Natural History Society' contain page after page of his careful and accurate observations. He was a great collector of birds' eggs, and his father recalls how often he used to come home with a clutch of eggs or a grass-snake concealed about his person. On one occasion some peewit eggs hatched out in his pockets, and the boy took the young birds straight back to their nest. He acted as Secretary to the Ornithological Section of the School Natural History Society. He not only knew the birds themselves, but he accurately knew their various notes, their methods of perching and their modes of flight. Those who recollect him as a schoolboy recall his singular power of communicating his enthusiasm to others, and the interest and charm which his wide knowledge and intense love of nature gave to his companionship in the field or the forest.

Wilson had gained an Exhibition at Caius College in 1891. He 'came up' in October of that year and began to read for the Natural Science Tripos, and the Medical Examinations. I cannot at this time clearly recall him, and yet I have a dim recollection of one whose wonderful drawings in the Biological and Zoological practical classes could not fail to impress the most hardened of demonstrators. Fortunately Dr. Pennington, Dr. Fraser, Bishop Knight, and Mr. H. C. Scott, who all remember Wilson as a student, have been kind enough to help me here.

I gather Wilson as a student was of a somewhat retiring temperament, as indeed he was throughout life. He certainly never put himself forward or made the slightest bid for popularity. He had his circle of close friends, every one of whom was deeply influenced for good by his presence among them, but it was not a wide circle. What is more remarkable is that this influence for better things spread far beyond his immediate associates. He was a rowing man, and in 1894 rowed No. 3 in the College boat, but he was not a conspicuous athlete. At the time the Caius College Shakespeare Society was passing through a phase which all such societies pass through at one period or another of their existence; it was then extremely exclusive, and what may surprise those unaccustomed to undergraduate life is that its exclusiveness did not take the line of confining itself to the more profound students of the Elizabethan Drama in residence, but of closing its doors to all but the leading athletic lights of the time.

It speaks volumes for Wilson's popularity and influence in the College that he was elected into this very select Society. He also took an active part in the other literary and in the scientific clubs

of the College. His serenity, his self-restraint, his absence of what eighteenth-century folk called 'enthusiasm,' yet his obvious uprightness, his unselfishness, and his entire lack of self-seeking commanded the deep respect of all and the lasting affection of his closer friends. He had always a very pleasant smile and a very expressive face, which could, by a swift change of look, let it be known whether he approved or disapproved of a word or an act, and this without uttering a syllable. He never obtruded himself, but he never could be overlooked.

In 1894 Wilson took his B.A. degree, having gained a First Class in Part 1 of the Natural Sciences Tripos. He remained in residence another three terms, reading for the second M.B. examination. In 1896 he joined St. George's Hospital, and took up his residence at the Caius College Mission House, Battersea. The poorer parts of Battersea were then horribly overcrowded, for the replacing of the slum regions around Sloane Street by middle-class flats had driven the poorer inhabitants across the river. He not only gave all his spare time, but all his spare money, to the Mission. Still he never neglected his work, though he noticeably preferred clinical work in the wards and study in the museum to listening to lectures. He was in all things thorough, and, in spite of interruption due to ill-health, he passed his Cambridge examinations without undue mental strain, taking his M.B. in 1900. Whilst at St. George's, Wilson took a full share in the common life of the students. He rowed bow in the hospital four in the Inter-hospital Rowing Cup Competition, and his contributions to the St. George's Graphic Society's Annual Exhibition were very highly valued.

Wilson was of slight build, the most abstemious of men, one who ever kept his body in subjection; yet working double tides was, in time, too much for him, and in 1898 he had more than a threatening of tuberculosis. He spent part of this year at Davos, and the two following summers in Norway as the guest of his friend Mr. Rice. Here he slept and lived in the open air, and made many bird-studies; especially he studied the hawks and the owls—birds that always aroused his interests and commanded his sympathies.

By 1900 he had recovered his health, and after 'qualifying,' he competed for an appointment on the resident staff of St. George's. He was successful, but it was a two years' appointment, and those in authority, dreading a relapse, advised him not to take it up. Of course this was a bitter disappointment, and equally of course he bore it with his usual serenity.

This disappointment, however, had its silver lining. Had he accepted this two years' appointment, it would have been more difficult, and perhaps impossible, for him to accompany Captain Scott in the *Discovery*, on their first expedition to the Antarctic.

On the last day of July, 1901, the *Discovery* left the London Docks and slowly dropped down the Thames. Three weeks before Wilson had married Oriana Souper, the daughter of the Rev. F. A. Souper, now resident at Comberton, near Cambridge. With that heroism, and above all with that patience of waiting which is so often the gift of great women, the bride acquiesced and aided in every way her husband's adventure on both his Antarctic voyages.

The *Discovery* came in sight of the great Antarctic continent on the evening of January 8, 1902. The record of the voyage and of Wilson's part in it has been told in the eloquent words of Captain Scott. I can only add that, if there were two things in his life that Wilson was really proud of, they were that Scott had asked him to be one of the three that made the 'furthest-south' expedition and that Scott had asked him to accompany him on his second voyage to the Antarctic.

As far as I recollect, we saw something of Wilson in Cambridge before he sailed in the *Discovery*; on his return he was certainly often with us, using the Library, the Laboratories, and the Museums in working up his results. I think he was one of the best lecturers I ever listened to, and shall never forget a lecture he gave us, shortly after his return, on 'Penguins.' Of course he had much to tell us that was new to science, but it was his mastery of the subject, his brilliant illustrations, and his quiet but genuine humour, that made the whole thing so supreme a success. For some time he was now busy in lecturing about the country, and in working out the results of the Antarctic voyage. He wrote the section dealing with the birds and the mammals in the Official Report of the Natural History Results of Captain Scott's first voyage, and spent much time at the British Museum, where, as everywhere else, he was very popular.

In the autumn of 1905 he had been appointed, at a most modest salary, field observer, physiologist and anatomist to the recently established Grouse Disease Inquiry, and from that date until five years later, when he sailed in the *Terra Nova*, I saw him very frequently. The Inquiry was no easy one. Nothing was accurately known about the grouse, either in health or in disease, and it was long before we could either retrace our footsteps from the blind

alleys our predecessors had laid down, or free ourselves from the preconceived prejudices of those better skilled in shooting grouse than in keeping them alive.

I do not think the Inquiry could have had a better man, or even one so good. His singleness of purpose and his directness of address, coupled with the undoubted accuracy of his knowledge, commanded at first the respect, and very soon the sympathy both of the moor-owner and of his keepers. Wilson was an indefatigable worker, and, besides visiting almost every important moor in Scotland, and many in England, he dissected with his own hands but just under 2000 grouse, and recorded under a dozen different headings the physical and pathological conditions of the bird with a minuteness that would put the most enthusiastic panel-doctor to shame. He thought nothing of sitting up all night on the moor to obtain a better knowledge of the sleeping and waking habits of the grouse and her chicks. I am reminded that he slept one May night on a Forfarshire moor in order to obtain one or two drops of dew for the microscope. It was bitterly cold, but there was no dew.

Many and many a time I have rushed up North to spend a few days with Wilson in his laboratory, hastily improvised in some Highland inn, or in a station hotel (we were not at all popular in station hotels), or in the gun-room of some moor-owner's castle. I think Wilson worked as hard as ever man did. We made many mistakes, we followed many false scents, but we were always learning, and, in the end, his work, aided as it was by the constant care and criticism of the chairman, Lord Lovat, and of the secretary, Mr. A. S. Leslie, not only elucidated the cause of adult grouse-disease,¹ but threw a flood of light on the relations of the bird to its surroundings, and on the economics of the grouse-moor. Those were good days; I would they were back again.

Of the two quarto volumes which form the 'Report' of the Inquiry, Wilson wrote quite one-third, and the beautiful coloured plates were all drawn by him. He left, on his second Antarctic voyage, about a year before the 'Report' appeared: some of his unfinished work he took with him, and posted back to us from the several stopping-places; others he left to us to prepare for press.

I shall never forget with what pleasure we sent out the volumes to meet him at the base-camp—a little nervous, perhaps, as to what

¹ Dr. Leiper greatly assisted the Inquiry in this, and Dr. Fantham did the same by describing the cause of the mortality of grouse-chicks.

he would think of the way we had edited two or three of his chapters, which he had been forced to leave unfinished, but knowing how eagerly he looked forward to handling the volumes.

In his last letter to me (dated October 29, 1911) written two days before the Polar party started on their 'southern trek,' he says: 'I shall be frightfully keen to see if the mail brings me a copy of the Grouse Report!' The mail did bring the copy, but he never saw it.

The plates in the 'Report' hardly do justice to Wilson's skill as an artist. Although for the most part they are unusually successful examples of the three-colour process, the reproductions naturally fall far behind the originals. The same is true of the illustrations in Mr. Barrett-Hamilton's edition of 'Bell's British Mammals,' for much of the charm of the originals has evaporated. With these drawings he took infinite pains, keeping bats in his bedroom to observe them day and night, visiting us near Windsor Forest to draw the deer and voyaging to the Shetlands to sketch whales.

Wilson's sense of colour had been developed by a patient and for some time a daily study of Turner in the National Gallery. He always had a sense of form, and he had a real gift of putting on paper what his clear, calm eyes saw. He could in a subtle way indicate life or its absence; motion or rest; in his brilliant sketches of the Antarctic, you could see the weather.

His scientific work was on the same high level. 'Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good,' was his habit. He made no revolutionary discoveries, he opened out no new realms of knowledge, but within the limits he set himself, his work was of a high standard, and, like everything about him, thoroughly sound.

The time has not come to write of the last long journey, but I cannot withhold a few lines written about Wilson by Captain Scott, dated early in October 1911, the month they started their walk to the Pole:

'October 1.

Winter Quarters.

'I never saw him looking fitter than he does at this moment, after the winter darkness and one of the hardest sledge journeys on record. I will not dwell on his value to the Expedition because you must know it, and I hope you realise how much I appreciate it.

'The past year has only increased the general affection and esteem in which he is held by all

'Even to you I have no words to express all that he has been to me, and to the Expedition—the wisest of counsellors, the pleasantest of companions and the loyalest of friends.'

Amongst his many fine qualities, his quiet simplicity and directness and his absolute loyalty and honesty of purpose stand out. He was not blunt or abrupt in any way, but it simply never occurred to him to finesse or—well, to use the methods familiar to politicians. His disposition was unusually serene, steadfast, and happy. I have never known him angry, and hardly ever put out. He never fussed. If something went wrong, and he could not put it right again, he simply did the next best thing, often without a comment. Though the most modest of men, he knew—but he never exaggerated—his own powers, nor did he under-estimate them. With his frail body and his artist's hands he travelled and he worked throughout those long Antarctic voyages, but it was the brain and the will-power, which he knew and he alone knew, that carried him along. He was singularly unselfish, and although he enjoyed solving problems in Natural History or in Pathology, he never thought of his own reputation. He never sought recognition; in fact, I doubt if it ever occurred to him that his work merited recognition in any form. In the best sense of the word he was an optimist, and never worried or troubled about the future. I cannot remember that he ever talked about religion; yet if it be religion to dedicate one's life to 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'—if this be religion, I have never known a more religious man.

Both morally and physically he was fearless; and here again I do not think it ever occurred to him that anyone could be otherwise. Like his religion, his high courage was part of himself, inherent in him.

To him death was but a step, a change to something further, something better, and the death of a relative or friend hardly ruffled his trustful serenity. Of his own death I cannot write. Browning foresaw it:

'Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old.
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !'

III. LAWRENCE EDWARD GRACE OATES.

BY MAJOR G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O.

In the great tragedy of the Antarctic the passing of Captain Lawrence Edward Grace Oates has appealed to the English and to the civilised world with especial force, because of the double spirit of sacrifice that it involved. The story of the dying frost-bitten soldier stepping out into the lone snow and blizzard has 'touched strong men's hearts with glory till they weep.'

The depth of character which leads men to high trespass in unexplored and dangerous lands, and to die as Oates has died, must be imbedded from their birth, awaiting opportunity to reveal itself.

Speaking before a soldier audience a few weeks ago, General Allenby, who had been in Captain Oates' regiment, the Inniskilling Dragoons, reminded them of the high courage and resource which opportunity had elicited in that officer at the very outset of his military career. The story is not generally known, and it is emphatically worth telling in some detail, to the memory of Captain Oates and the encouragement of others. It may be called 'The Tale of the Boy Dragoons.'

Early in 1901 Kritzingers and Schuipers, two daring young Boer leaders, had remained in the mountains of Cape Colony with a following when the first great De Wet hunt had passed by. Various columns had hunted them out of the Schwarzberg, through Willowmore to the hills between Murraysburg, Graaf-Reinet and Aberdeen. Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, with a column, hastily got together, of Royal and Australian Artillery, the Sharpshooters, Imperial Yeomanry, and some sixty recruits on their way to join the Inniskillings, was following them up. With this dragoon detachment was Oates, a cheery lad, just commissioned, to whom war was one vast holiday.

Arriving at Aberdeen Road by rail from Willowmore, the first train-load (with which was the writer) hastily pushed on by road towards Aberdeen some eighteen miles, to relieve the town itself, as a message had arrived at the station to say that the *commando* was then entering the town. With this train-load were the dragoon recruits. After a sharp scrap outside

the town, this party bivouacked till the remainder of the column marched into the little wattle-and-dab town, some time after dark. Next morning three patrols of some twenty men each were sent out to find the *commando*. They had not far to look. Now a patrol of that size has many disadvantages. It is too small to put up a successful fight, it is too large to escape observation. The first patrol, that on the left, was driven in, helter-skelter, on its own squadron and guns. The centre patrol was captured. The third, on the far right, consisted of boy Oates and his twenty recruits. For some time nothing was heard of them. Then, away in the *veldt* from across the blue shimmering scrub, came, faint yet distinct, the 'tic-toc' of the rifle, single but regular firing. 'Tic-toc, pac-boc,' steady and precise. Presently a couple of stray dragoons turned up, with rifles and empty bandoliers, and then another, and all the while Lee-Metford was answering Mauser away in the camel-dorn scrub. The story of the dragoon boys was this: Away to the north-west, perhaps four miles out, Oates and his patrol had run into the brethren. Dismounting to fight in a *spruit*, he found he could not get away and his horses were shot down, so he had settled to a fire fight at close quarters, and had indignantly rejected all summons to surrender, to which had been added a threat of 'no quarter.' Then, as the ammunition ran out, men with empty bandoliers had been told to slip away down the *spruit* and make for camp. Oates himself was said to be wounded. Before troops could move to the *spruit* indicated, the firing had died away, and the *veldt* now shimmered in the noon-day sun. More dragoons came straggling in with their arms. Finally the *spruit* was reached, and what had happened was this: Boy Oates and his boy dragoons had remained firing, sending away the unwounded men when their ammunition was finished, until not a round of ammunition nor an unwounded man was left, and then the Boers crept in to take their prize. It was not a very satisfying capture. The officer lay wounded, surrounded by half a dozen or so of his comrades in like case, a few mortally so. The horses were dead, most of the rifles were gone, and the bandoliers were empty, and the chagrin of the brethren was only equalled by their admiration for the 'Khakis.' Giving such first aid as they could, the Boers then left them to be picked up by their own column.

Such, in brief, is the tale of the boy dragoons, and it shows how the metal had rung true from the beginning in the man we mourn. It was a fitting gambit in a great game.

But as we pay tribute to the memory of Oates, the dragoon and faithful comrade, let us realise that we do so as much to Oates the type as to Oates the individual. Let us remember that as he died in self-sacrifice, so die the English, and no doubt others—away from the limelight—every day that the sun sets in the Atlantic. In the smelting furnaces, in the factories, in the coalfields, in the coastwise trade, while the landsman sleeps o' nights, the English men and women die to save others. Let those that read of it pray that they in their time may be endowed with the strength to do likewise. That is the thought for us as we ponder in our armchair on that set figure disappearing into the unknown waste of snow, to let 'the spirit return to God who gave it.'

BOOKS AND READING: A RETROSPECT.

'Of making many books there is no end.' Of books and their increase I am moved to jot down some reminiscences, especially of early Victorian days; my memory in this kind certainly reaches back seventy-five years. Being one of a scholar's family, I was among books from the very first. I still possess a Prayer-Book given to me on my fifth birthday in 1837; it bears my name and the date in my mother's handwriting. Also, outside a Latin Accidence (still with me) stands the same date written by my father. And I must have been able to read some time before that. Many of our earliest childish books I well remember. There were 'Cobwebs to catch Flies,' 'Come hither, Charles,' 'Harry and Lucy,' 'Rosamond, or the Purple Jar,' 'Frank,' and 'Sequel to Frank.' Early verse-books were 'The Peacock at Home,' 'The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast.' There were the Miss Taylors' 'Original Poems.' Rather later came Mrs. Trimmer's 'Fabulous Histories.' Oh, those delightful robins! They fostered in our quartet (three brothers and a sister) a love of Natural History which our country life encouraged. 'Rural Scenes' was a verse-book given to my younger brother. We mostly called it 'Agoing! agoing!'; because this was written outside on its paper cover, being the first words of the first poem, about the sale of an old one-eyed horse:

'Agoing! agoing! who wishes to buy,

Though he's lame of one leg, and blind of one eye?'

One or two of the pieces still stick by me almost entire—e.g. the following dialogue between a customer and a poulterer:

'C. "Pray, my good man, how do you sell these ducks a pair?"

'P. "Four shillings, ma'am, and very fine ducks they are."

'C. "Four shillings! I wonder you're not ashamed to ask it.

Pray put those fine ducks back again into the basket.

'Tis a vile imposition. Stop a bit! Let me see—

Come, will you let me have the pair for three and three?"

'P. "Can't do it, ma'am: assure you they cost me more.

They're none of your skinny poultry, fed at the barn door.

Feel the weight of this duck, ma'am, do just feel.

That was fed four times every day with barley meal."

* * * * *

'C. "Well, send them home quick, or I'll never deal here again;
To Mrs. Smart's, Tailor and Habit-Maker, Button Lane."

Of books specially meant for children there were far fewer then. The present race of boys and girls may congratulate themselves ; and no doubt they pity us. Yet it is pity thrown away. For we enjoyed what we had just as much ; we read things over and over again ; and that, mind you, is, at the learning age, no disadvantage. Probably there are twenty times as many books for bairns as there were seventy years ago ; one may even grant them better for special ages : but, on the other hand, how much poor trash is now accessible. On such, as non-existent, we children of those days were not tempted to feed, to the wasting of our time and the spoiling of our taste.

New books came to swell the nursery library at such times as Christmas and birthdays. To myself our naval uncle gave 'Poor Jack.' We all read it. It was the first edition, copiously illustrated. It delighted all our family group, of whom the youngest brother eventually went to sea.

But our early reading was not only of children's books. Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' and 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' were much in our hands. We learnt by heart parts of them. The first canto of the former, 'The Chase,' I used to know by memory ; I retain much of it even now. Then there was an old seven-volumed Pope's 'Homer's Iliad,' which we eagerly devoured. Achæan combats we acted in the garden ; dry Jerusalem-artichoke stems made excellent evenly flying spears. Thus the tale of Troy became familiar to me before I knew it in Greek. On our shelves was a bound-up volume of the 'Penny Magazine,' containing articles which took me much. Among them was an ascent of the Peter-Botte mountain, with a picture of the climbers just at the last rock of the summit. Interesting, too, was an account of the Chinese method of fishing with cormorants. The picture in this has been reproduced in several books on Natural History : something like it is to be seen in a Dutch book about the Netherlands Mission to China in the seventeenth century, a book which I possess. Of course we had and read the general favourites, 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' ; but I do not remember that the theology of the latter impressed me much—probably I skipped just what Bunyan most meant to teach.

We used to get hold of a new set of books when staying at Bromley, in Kent, where lived my two grandmothers and a sister of my mother. Miss Edgeworth's 'Popular Tales' we read there ; and 'Brambletye House,' by one of the authors of the 'Rejected

Addresses.' These two books, with a few others from the Bromley shelves, are now with me.

At a cousin's house in Essex we also used to come upon some novelties. It was there that I read 'Sandford and Merton,' a very well-known book for the young at the beginning of the last century; but I was rather too old to enjoy it, except as in some ways ridiculous.

One thing must be noted about our early teaching: it was entirely home teaching, from our parents and such near relations as might be staying with us or we with them. Parents nowadays seem to have no time or taste or learning for their children's education. It gets delegated to governesses, preparatory schools, etc. Even where the father is a clergyman, and presumably a scholar, one does not often see the boys home-taught as they used to be. A very close parallel to our case I find in the early teaching of the Austen-Leigh boys by their father, as recorded in W. Austen-Leigh's memoir of his brother, the late Provost of King's College, Cambridge. The father began with his boys in Latin the day after their seventh birthday, and in Greek two years later. We three boys were taken in hand by my father even earlier than that: my surviving Latin Accidence proves me to have started on *musa*, *musæ* some time before my fifth birthday. There are, and will be, differences of opinion about the best time of beginning such learning. My father, like Mr. Austen-Leigh, began early, and did not make lessons long or tedious. He was a wonderful teacher, the best I ever knew. Nothing was lost in our case by an early start, nor will there be generally (I believe), if there be no hurry or pressure. Latin and Greek, some argue, will be learnt much more quickly if begun later. That I do not deny; but it does not follow that it is better so. What is not forced, what grows slowly, grows healthily and lasts long.

My father often read aloud to us in the evenings. In this way parts of Shakespeare came before us; we heard with delight about Fluellen, about Pistol's being forced to eat the leek, the parallel between Harry of Monmouth and Alexander of Macedon, how there is a river in Macedon and at Monmouth, 'and there is salmons in both.' We were left pretty free to forage in the downstairs shelves for other than our nursery stores. I got early teaching in French from my mother, also from old Mr. Tarver at Eton. 'Télémaque' I read when very young, also 'Gil Blas,' or a good deal of it.

Some years before I entered the school at Eton (1843) a new class

of books and booksellers sprang up—railway books and stalls. Coaching and posting went out ; the steam-spiced traveller wanted to improve his hours ; a supply met the demand, and so he who ran (or railed) could read. Railway novels became abundant. As I remember them first, they mostly cost a shilling and were mostly green : now there is no colour, no price, no character that they do not assume.

When my schooldays at Eton began, schoolbooks took much of my reading time. Far fewer were these then. Greek and Latin classics were the staple. We used some plain Eton editions, noteless or nearly so ; some larger we had, with Latin notes, of which few boys could or would make much use. More helpful are the editions of to-day. Yet the puzzling out a lesson, without help save of dictionary and grammar, drove it into the learner perhaps quite as well as the quicker and easier ways now possible. Our first Greek learning had for lexicon 'Donegan' : 'Liddell and Scott' came out in 1843. I very soon possessed the abbreviated edition, the large one not till its third edition in 1849. Some of our schoolbooks were antiquated—*e.g.* *Æsop* and *Farnaby*. Yet this last-named little book put before one some beautiful old Greek poems, short, and thus suitable lessons for a low Form. So I do not regret having read in it. In the Upper Forms we read some authors continuously, and less scrappily than is now the fashion. Homer's 'Iliad' I read completely through (plus two books) while at Eton ; Virgil's 'Æneid' about twice through. Capable industrious learners became as sound scholars then as now. German editions were coming in—some, indeed, were earlier than this. My father had Heyne's eight-volumed 'Homer,' and four-volumed 'Virgil' (1804) ; editions even now hard to beat, monuments of learning, and of what some Germans do not always show, poetic taste and sound common sense.

Out of school, we boys in the forties had fewer books accessible. But—for much of our time—'out of school' meant out of doors and at games. I remember there was a little back room at Ingaltan's, the bookseller up Eton, in which any boy might read what he found. Sometimes I read there on a wet afternoon. The shelves contained light reading, stories, several translations of German tales. At my Dame's a few amusing books went the round of the house—*e.g.* 'The Bottle Imp.' And, when recovering from the measles, I read 'Charles O'Malley.'

My migration into College, at about the middle of my school

career, put me among a more reading set. Apart from our school work, really sensible books, and talk about them, were with some of us a part of our life. Southey's 'Thalaba' and 'Kehama' I read, borrowed from H. J. Reynolds or E. D. Stone. The Boys' Library (close to our College buildings) was established about this time; and Collegers used it much. I read out of this nearly all the Waverley novels before I left school. According to my memory, most of us read them eagerly. Yet a little more than twenty years afterwards, when I became a master at Rugby, I found that hardly any of the Rugby boys cared for them at all. I cannot but suppose that the increase of more exciting and sensational fiction was answerable for this change of taste.

Passing to Cambridge in 1851, I there found books copiously within my reach. We King's men were just now brought under University rules as to B.A. degree: I myself was the very first King's man who *compulsorily* went in for the B.A. examination. But of our degree work and books I mean not here to speak.

We of King's were not even then (nor had we been so much as some report of us) prevailingly idle and unstudious. We had indeed been left very free in our studies, and this freedom continued to some extent for years after my time at Cambridge began and ended. But my contemporaries were a reading set, though not recluses or bookworms. The greatest reader among us was W. E. Ridler, who died young (in 1862). He never went into the examination for the Classical Tripos, in which he must have won a high place. For he failed to secure a first-class Poll; and either that or a Mathematical Honour was then a condition for the Classical Tripos. Ridler devoured books of all kinds: we looked upon him as our chief critic and taster, so to say, in light literature. Almost all of us were members of the Union, then in Green Street; and the library there, though small compared to what it is now, had a good supply of books. The new books, latest novels, etc., were in a special downstairs room. During these years several of Dickens' and Thackeray's stories came out (1851-57). I remember well what a rush there was at the Union for 'Esmond.' 'The Heir of Redclyffe' I read while an undergraduate; and was moved by it to buy a translation of 'Sintram,' which I afterwards got in its German original—one of my first German books. But from the Union I often took out English books of a more solid kind—French also sometimes. With another scholar of King's I used to read some French; and German I took to soon after my B.A. As I stayed

up in College for three years after my Triposes, taking classical pupils, I must have done a good deal of reading of all sorts. I then took school-work at the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. A contrast to Cambridge was Liverpool. But we masters at the College were in the literary line. There was a good bookseller. One of my colleagues gave me a book, picked up for a shilling or two at a sale—Servius' 'Virgil,' printed by Robertus Stephanus, Paris, in 1532. It is quite a perfect copy ; and has an additional interest for me (as an Etonian and King's man), bearing the bookplates of two King's men, E. Maturin and Edward Craven Hawtrey, and the autograph of the latter in 1815, the year after he went to Eton as assistant master. I suppose Hawtrey got the book from Maturin by gift or purchase. Maturin was afterwards Rector of Ringwood, Hants. My school-work no doubt employed much of my time at Liverpool, but I and mine were always readers. The Public Library (the gift of Sir W. Brown) was opened during these years. But I do not remember that I was often there. I went once to see Gould's splendid books on Birds.

I returned to Cambridge in 1863 ; was there for seven years, taking pupils, and lecturing in a College, indeed in several, for the system of intercollegiate lectures was soon established. During these years I read with pupils largely in Greek and Latin. The masterly edition of Lucretius by H. A. J. Munro came out in 1864. I had bought and used Lachmann's work, that 'landmark for scholars,' in 1853. And of Juvenal I had possessed Mayor's excellent edition, which came out in 1853.

For other reading, I came back to a greatly enlarged Union. But also I availed myself much of the great opportunities open to M.A.'s in the University Library, taking out books of all sorts from that learned forest. Often I read aloud to my wife at home. I came upon Galt's novels, with which I was much charmed ; first with the 'Annals of the Parish.' It surprised me that he seemed then so little known. But I suppose Scott, by his Waverleys, had put Galt in the shade. Of the University Library I continued to make use through forty years and more.

After school-work again at Rugby (1871-1883) I retired to a country living ; and after twenty-six years of that am now altogether *rude donatus*. Though free from rules and time-tables, with books I have still been much concerned—with plenty in other languages beside Latin and Greek. Yet I have not been an exclusively indoors worker. Nor did I ever eschew open-air amusements ;

whether at school, college, or afterwards. One used to hear of undergraduates whose hours of reading per day trenched upon the 'teens. Not so much as half that can have been my college average. My work had come easily to me as a boy at school ; so too did it when I was an undergraduate. Nor, when employed in tuition, did I feel myself overworked, save now and then during some hard spells of examination. And for this I thank first my father and his teaching—begun early, unhurried, steady ; then, too, the less forcing system of education pursued at Eton in my time.

The increase of books—what has it been, say, from 1840 to 1910? Some statistics could probably be found through publishers, booksellers, libraries. But a more interesting question is : What has been the effect of the increase of books and reading ? Has it been all gain ? Are we better educated and wiser than our grandsires ? I was a boy at a public school, then a master at one for many years. How did boys under me compare with my own schoolmates ? Doubtless they had chances of learning more. But in keenness for learning, and in taste for what they chose freely to read, I could not pronounce them better than my own boyish companions. Wonderful examples of ignorance and utter carelessness about learning and culture came before me, even from wealthy homes. I was surprised to find how few chose the good, how many preferred the rubbishy. Of course it would not be fair to compare the best upper boys of an Eton Form (and I was much among these) with the merely average boys of a public school now : but I cannot help thinking that the average boys of my time were the better for *not* reading (because it did not exist) some of the stuff now accessible.

Again, in a lower class we have increased book-learning. The Three R's, three and free, were expected to work wonders. But they have not quite answered the sanguine hopes entertained. In the country (where my last thirty years' experience has been) villagers are doubtless more wideawake to what is going on around them, more alive to their own interests ; but are they more thoughtful and conscientious ? There is increased knowledge nowadays, more books, yes, and better books on many subjects. But book-learning will not make everybody wise, and it does make some conceited. While a key to stores of good, it is often used to open stores of what is useless or harmful. Does it not spoil some for the work in life that is most fitted for them and equally needed for the general good ?

In fine, the extension of learning by books must be, it is granted,

good on the whole. Yet there are some drawbacks. Can readable material go on increasing for ever in quantity, without deterioration in quality ? If not, we may come after all, like Solomon, to look with distrust on a making of books without end ; we may come to think that too many books, like ' too many cooks,' may spoil the broth of mental nourishment. Then, too, human capacities differ ; we have no reason to think that they can be greatly enlarged ; reading is not equally profitable to and digestible by all. A vessel cannot be more than full. As the line in an old play says (after a homely simile) :

' None can carry more than he can bear.'

W. C. GREEN.

GOD IN THE FOOTHILLS.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

SANT' INEZ is a glaring, dusty little town, with a main street of one-storey houses, impudently pretending to be two-storey houses by the aid of false fronts that would not deceive a child. Its vocation is to gather in milk from the neighbouring ranches, and to load a diminutive train every evening at nine o'clock—when the diminutive train isn't late, which it usually is—with an uncountable number of tin cans, ranged in rows like soldiers. This train might almost be called the 'Babies' Special,' it is so wholly devoted to milk; though in the autumn, when the wagons everywhere are harvesting grapes and the mountain presses are gushing crimson, it carries hogsheads of new-made wine for children of a larger growth.

About Sant' Inez are low-rising blue hills dotted with windmills and cut sharply against the sky like cardboard. Indeed, it is a landscape of windmills, for ever turning and flashing in the sun; and you can walk the roads all day, or dip into the fragrant spicy hollows of the woods, and never escape their mournful cadence. Orchards abound, invitingly bright with fruit; vineyards, impelled like Alpine climbers, scale inaccessible heights and reach into the azure; barefooted, barelegged girls and boys drive cattle home at dusk, and turn back a bull or a restive cow as fearlessly as little matadors. It is a peaceful, prosperous country, as wholesome as its milk, as honest as its butter.

It was in 1863 that Jacob Rothmuller saw it first, when from the seat of his prairie schooner, with his girl-wife beside him, the valley opened out below; and no Israelite ever gazed more fondly at the Promised Land than this young pair at Sant' Inez. The dreaded Sierras, the waterless, terrible deserts, the interminable plains beset by Indians were all behind them; in front lay the garden of the world, theirs at last. The long train of wagons halted; the unshaven men, the women in their poke-bonnets, the ragged wondering children knelt in prayer, thanking God with primitive fervour for having brought them safely to California. Such were the pioneer fathers of the settlement, Pennsylvania-Dutch for the most part, old-fashioned, ignorant, yet brave, patient, kindly, and industrious.

Most of them took root and prospered. The infant community thrived from the start, and when it was linked to San Francisco by the narrow-gauge railway property doubled in value. The Rothmullers did as well as any; accumulated money in the bank; tore down their original log-cabin and replaced it by a commodious house. They owned stock in the creamery, in the wine company—were foremost in every local enterprise that seemed likely to be profitable. Shrewd, saving, and rigidly honest, they approximated to the old-world peasants from which they had sprung—driving hard bargains, overworking themselves and those they employed, tirelessly adding dollar to dollar. Never was a pair so wholeheartedly in accord as Jacob and Katrina Rothmuller. With the same spirit in which she had loaded her husband's rifle on the plains, and had passed it up to him to fire, Mrs. Rothmuller now threw herself into the battle of money-getting. Small wonder that they prospered; that their joint signatures were on a dozen mortgages; that they were becoming rich.

Once, with the intention of buying blooded Holsteins on sale in San Francisco they took their first journey to the city, leaving their children in charge of some neighbours named Hartell. The Rothmullers had a family of three at that time—a boy of eleven and two younger girls, whom in their stern way they idolised. The night following their departure the Hartell farmhouse took fire, and through an almost incredible stupidity the children were not rescued. Cut off in an attic they had been left to perish, the Hartells for the moment having forgotten them in the effort to save a four-hundred-dollar parlour organ. That organ cost the lives of little Jacob, Katrina, and Anna Rothmuller.

Probably the greatest motive force for good in the world is sorrow. Half our imposing institutions go back in source to some poor mounds of earth, holding in their depths a still living heart. Schools, colleges, parks, hospitals, and charities are often but the manifestation of bereavement—a noble and touching endeavour to make the dead our unconscious benefactors. In a humbler way the Rothmullers were inspired with the same desire. After their first horror, and bitter inappeasable resentment, they became strangely altered. Always religious, they turned more and more to the Bible for solace, and found in the Sermon on the Mount an undreamed-of revelation. They embraced a literal Christianity. With their eyes open they enrolled themselves amongst the martyrs.

These people, hitherto so parsimonious, so sharp in a bargain,

so resolute for their pound of flesh, soon became the wonder of Sant' Inez. They would not go to law; anyone could victimise them with impunity; interest might remain unpaid, valuable cattle might be stolen, neighbours might borrow and never return; yet the Rothmullers bore it all with patience. In a more up-to-date community they would probably have been stripped of their possessions inside a year. In Sant' Inez it took eight.

The Christian life, lived sincerely, meant the gradual shedding of things material. Average humanity is hardly fitted for so sublime an ideal, and is distressingly greedy and selfish. Average humanity guards its cheek with one hand and punches with the other—passionately resists extortion—holds tight to its coat, however much the beggar may plead or pull. Average humanity too, alas, is always somewhat ready to take advantage of its simpler neighbours.

Sant' Inez ate up the Rothmullers.

In eight years they were living in a three-roomed cottage on the edge of the town, Rothmuller making a business of mending pumps, Mrs. Rothmuller going out as a nurse. Their farm was gone, their mortgages were gone, their shares in the creamery and winery were gone. Their only bank now was the china teapot, which was always at the mercy of any passing stranger. It was in this adobe hovel that their fourth child was born, a daughter whom they named Christina.

Like many a child of the pioneers she seemed to be of a different clay from her parents. They were heavy-featured, slow-moving peasants, thick-ankled, thick-waisted, thick-wristed, the human work-animal of Northern Europe, scarcely altered by six generations in America. Rothmuller looked like the pictures made so familiar to us by the Boer war, a shaggy-bearded, powerful man, with enormous hands and an expression of bovine obstinacy. Mrs. Rothmuller, florid and motherly, billowed expansively in her cotton dress; and her homely, kindly face could never have been pretty even in her youth.

But Christie, as they called her, was the little beauty of Sant' Inez. In her the peasant blood had flowered into the daintiest of aristocrats. By one of those astounding caprices of nature, strangely common in what are called new countries, the child showed a physical refinement unknown in her parents. Perhaps the rude poetry of their emigration had played its part; possibly imaginations, until then unstirred, had worked some subtle miracle.

Those blue hills, those woody, splashing canyons, all that exquisite landscape as magically brilliant as though seen in a glass, had surely not been without some mysterious influence. Christie was the daughter, not of the Rothmullers, but of California.

She had more than beauty. She was quick, adaptive, and precocious, eager and aboundingly alive. She could read at eight; at nine her little heart burned at the realisation of what her parents had thrown away. The Bible Christians' child was no Bible Christian. She raged at returning home to find that the dinner had been given to a pair of tramps. She hated her poor darned clothes, which the other children laughed at. As she watched her father toiling early and late for any pittance that might be given him—as she saw her mother return from weeks of nursing often without a dollar, she was filled with a tumultuous pity that bordered on exasperation. Everybody seemed to be robbing them, preying on them, and the hot little rebel could have burst with fury.

It was a cruel upbringing for a child and laid the seeds of her tragic after-life. At ten she was already trading on her adorable face—snuggling into other kitchens, hinting for cast-off clothes, bartering caresses for sweets, and—if she could—for shoes and stockings. The Rothmullers held no check over her; half the time both were away, the father in his rattletrap cart, repairing pumps; the mother a prisoner in some lonely farmhouse beside a sick bed. In a more vicious community, Christie would have gone headlong to perdition. But it was bad enough as it was that she should become a wheedling little schemer, largely living and clothing herself by her wits.

At eighteen the promise of her childhood had been more than kept. She was of a striking beauty that arrested attention everywhere; and conscious of it to her finger-tips she bore herself with a reckless saucy air, as of one who knew her power. The beggar maid of Sant' Inez, dressed in the poor leavings of the neighbours, outshone every girl in the place, and kept the young men in a turmoil. But that small shapely head had other ambitions than to marry a young rancher; acquaintance with the seamy side of life had sharpened her faculties; no woman of forty could have been cooler nor more calculating.

Nor was this altogether selfish. The increasing years taught her to appreciate her parents as she had never done as a child; her heart ached for them in their unworldliness; she perceived

them growing old, with no refuge but the poorhouse, they who had once ranked so high in the valley, and had abandoned everything 'to be like Christ.' Of course the exasperation was still there, but it was that of a mother for erring children, touched with tears, and sacred in its tenderness.

To provide for them was as much a part of her desire as any advancement for herself; her richer wooers were astonished at her calm, clear demands; she meant to be no penniless drudge, she said, having to ask for every dollar. What did Willie or Tommy or Eddie intend to settle on her? This scandalous attitude towards matrimony caused her to be savagely criticised; it was called unwomanly, and worse; parents in control of purse-strings were horrified, and said No, with Pennsylvania-Dutch firmness and finality. But Christie, biding her time and conscious of her value, was at last justified; though accepting in the meanwhile, and with the same sweet smiles, all the candy, gloves, and little offerings that might be persuaded to come her way.

Yes, the beggar maid, quietly waiting, was destined to attract the eyes of a king. He was a big, breezy, fine-looking king of forty-five, named George H. Bender, who on his way to the Bohemian Club Grove had caught a glimpse of Christie from the car-window. A mining magnate and thus accustomed to quick decisions, the king darted off the train and stammeringly made himself acquainted with the lovely beggar maid. Three days afterwards they were married in the Lutheran Church, and then left for San Francisco.

Sant' Inez heard little of Christie after that, for it was not a community that did much letter-writing. If the Rothmullers received an occasional postcard, with '*Love and greeting from your devoted Christie,*' they were very happy, and later on acknowledged it with another: '*Love and greeting from Papa and Mamma.*' Christie's only real correspondent in Sant' Inez was Sam Ford, a drunken, disreputable, brilliant old scapegrace who edited the local 'Banner.' Sam Ford had once been a man of mark in San Francisco journalism, but drink had ruined him, and he had crept away to the foothills, wrecked in health and reputation. Christie and he were fast friends in spite of the disparity of years, and in his genial cynicism and knowledge of a wider world the girl had found much to attract her.

Now, in her altered circumstances, it was to Sam she turned to help her in a matter very close to her heart. He agreed to overlook the three-roomed cottage on the county road—to see

that meat, bread, groceries, and milk were regularly delivered; that the Rothmullers were both warmly clad; that the constant inroads made on their benevolence were as promptly replaced from the local shops. To give either money was next to useless; it went as fast as it came. Sam's duty was to keep them comfortable in spite of themselves—a whiskified guardian-angel hovering over the 'old folks.' He mailed a weekly report, often humorous but always kindly, with an underlying sympathy and appreciation of the little drama in which he was so incongruous an element.

Every year or two Christie paid a short visit to Sant' Inez, a dazzling, richly clad apparition from another existence. She had grown excessively fashionable and elegant; Paris and London were as familiar to her as San Francisco; she travelled in special cars, in Imperial suites on the great liners; was 'the beautiful Mrs. Bender' of the press. Yet she came to the little cottage without even a maid; rolled up her sleeves and helped in the housework; sat on the edge of her father's chair at night with her arm around his neck, unmindful of his coarse pipe or calloused hands; ordered about her mother with playful imperiousness, and winning that old heart anew by her saucy charm and tender, pretty ways.

Then she was gone again, and the cottage, awakened for a week by her sparkling, vivid presence, subsided into its usual calm; though her memory lingered under the low rafters, and sometimes Papa Rothmuller would forget to light his pipe after supper, gazing up instead dreamily from the arm-chair; while the old wife, bent over her sewing, was silent too, thinking of Christie.

One day, as Sam Ford was opening his San Francisco exchanges, some staring headlines caught his eyes that stunned him. The paper shook in his hand. What was all this about Christie? Accused of poisoning her husband—locked in a cell of the city prison—her husband dead and his body held for examination! Three columns of it, gloatingly sensational, and venomous in the accumulated evidence of a crime—previous quarrels, an illicit love-affair now blazoned shamelessly to the universe, the frustrated attempt to make the murder pass for suicide. The case against her grew deadlier and more incriminating with every line. Great God, she was guilty!

There was a note from her that had arrived in the same mail, Ford tore it open, breathless and trembling. '*Sam, dear Sam,*' it ran, '*you will have seen the papers, and know the horror I am in.*'

But it is the thought of them that kills me—Papa and Mamma. Sam, they must not know. You must save them from knowing. Surely it can be managed, and Sam, you must, you must, for the sake of the wretchedest woman alive,—Christie.'

Ford caught up his hat and walked out with the idea of getting a badly needed bracer at the 'Good Fellows' Grotto' across the street. But happening to see Father O'Rourke, the Catholic priest, he called to him to stop, and brokenly read Christie's letter aloud. Father O'Rourke took fire with it. Mrs. Rothmuller had once nursed him through smallpox when not a soul would come near him, and he had for her a gratitude, a veneration that transcended words. Sam got no bracer, but was carried off to see the Rev. Wolfert Schneider, the Lutheran minister. Now if the devil, in whom he implicitly believed, had suddenly appeared before the Rev. Wolfert Schneider, breathing brimstone and lashing a forked tail, he could not have been more surprised nor affronted than at the sight of Father O'Rourke on his front stoop.

But the priest, deeply moved, ignored the other's sullen trepidation. They were both men, he said, both leaders in the little community, and here was something on which surely all Christians could agree. The three left the house together, eager confederates—the austere Mr. Schneider in his badly fitting frock-coat, the burly Irishman, the pale, red-nosed journalist—a self-constituted committee to carry out Christie's wish, and enforce a boycott of silence on Sant' Inez.

They invaded the shops and offices—the High School, the bank, the livery stables, the Chinese quarter, the creamery, winery, and gas-works. They stopped farmers on the street; talked to labourers resting on pick and shovel; entered the three saloons and gained over the white-coated bar-keepers. Everywhere they were met with the same goodwill, with the same deep, hearty sympathy. Who was there indeed who did not respect the Rothmullers? Who was there who did not love them? Many who listened were roused to confidences that gave a fresh impetus to the movement.

'Help?' exclaimed Rosenberg, the Jew clothier. 'Why, dat old feller used to feed me when I hadn't a cent on earth!'—'I guess Mrs. Rothmuller all same God,' said Ah Chong the laundryman, artlessly irreverent. 'Always, oh, welly good lady to sick Chinaman—all same sick Chinaboy's mother.'

Thus started, the news spread to the hills, reaching every farm-

house, cabin, and tent within ten miles of Sant' Inez. Farmers carried it on their big, high wagons; school children carried it; brakemen carried it the length of their division; swarthy Mexicans, jingling huge spurs, carried it; lumbermen, gathered picturesquely about their fires, sent runners to further camps. The Rothmullers were to be protected; the valley, from end to end, was in a conspiracy to keep them in ignorance of Christie's dishonour and trial for murder.

Over six thousand men, women, and children, of every nationality and every creed, were enlisted in that single purpose. Surely the Rothmullers had not lived in vain, nor been as foolish in their belief as many thought, when six thousand people, not all of them good by any means, and some exceptionally rough and lawless, could pay such homage to an old man and woman in an adobe hut.

Of course Sam Ford had to print a full report of the case in the 'Banner.' It was stirring all California; was holding every one in daily suspense; was telegraphed and cabled broadcast everywhere. But he called Christie 'Mrs. Bell'; and preferably, as often as he could, alluded to her as 'the accused.' The Rothmullers followed the case as assiduously as anyone, little suspecting it was their own daughter who stood in the dock. The night they read the judge's sentence of death they prayed for that unknown woman—for Christie, huddled and fainting on her plank bed.

'We implore Thy compassion for this unhappy creature,' said the old man on his knees. 'In this dreadful hour, when all have forsaken her, be Thou with her, O Jehovah! Be Thou with her, O Christ the merciful!'

The next morning they received a postcard from Christie with: '*Dearest, dearest love to both of you, my darling Papa and Mamma.*' This made them exceedingly happy, as it had been so long since they had heard from her; and as they went about their work they spoke of it to their silent, shrinking neighbours.

No woman has ever been hanged in California, and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. For three years Christie languished in San Quentin Prison, contriving as before to keep her secret from her parents. All Sant' Inez supported her, and not a whisper of her fate was allowed to reach the Rothmullers. They thought it a little hard that she should cease her visits, but she always had some excuse to offer, and kept brightly promising that 'next year' she should certainly

come. Utterly broken, she had contracted consumption in prison, and with Sam Ford's co-operation was already planning the last phase of the tragedy.

She died, and the old people, helpless in their grief, acquiesced humbly in Sam's arrangements. While the San Francisco papers were black with headlines, the 'Banner' bore but this four-line announcement: 'DIED, in San Francisco, Christina Bender, widow of the late George H. Bender, and the beloved only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rothmuller of this town, who passed away to her heavenly rest on March 14, 19—.'

The diminutive train brought back her body, which beneath the rosewood coffin still wore the prison dress. It lay in state in the adobe hut, buried in flowers from every garden in the valley, and was followed to the grave by almost the whole population. Never in the history of Sant' Inez had there been such a funeral. Not only were the townspeople there, the reporters from San Francisco, the local band, the firemen, the fraternal organisations in their regalia, the ranchers from far and near; but the Chinese came too, the Mexicans, the forest rangers, the Greek construction-gangs from the new reservoir, the lumbermen and sheep-herders.

The Rothmullers accepted it all as a tribute to Christie.

'Everybody loved her,' they said simply. 'The angels knew she was one of them, and now they have called her back.'

Sam Ford, afterwards treating the newspaper men in the bar of the 'Good Fellows' Grotto,' put it differently.

'Boys, this ain't a town,' he said, with a huskiness not altogether due to his fourth cocktail, 'this is a little bit of heaven, and it would be a mighty low-down thing for any of you to give us away.'

And they never did.

HOW COWPER GOT HIS PENSION :

*A STUDY IN MINUTE HISTORY: FROM A MANUSCRIPT
BY WILLIAM HAYLEY.*

THE minor poet Hayley, whose name is familiar to all who are acquainted with Blake or Cowper, has several small claims upon the attention of the curious. The works of any poet who has been popular in his generation are always worthy an historian's regard, for by them he can become better acquainted with the ordinary intelligences of an age, can re-establish forgotten values, build up a sounder opinion of the past. It is difficult to believe that Hayley was once considered a very fine poet, that he was admired by Gibbon, and was offered the laureateship by Pitt; it is more difficult to those who know the man to believe that he refused that proffered honour because he was disgusted with 'the absurd Duties annexed to the Office.' Yet all this is true of him, and, by an aggregate of such circumstances, petty and almost laughable though they be, Hayley has wound himself into literary history, where he will continue to remain, long after the stucco turrets of what he euphuistically called his 'marine hermitage' have ceased to be gazed upon by the inhabitants of the seaside village of Felpham in Sussex.

Among the several small incidents that went to distinguish Hayley's life, that which stands most to his credit has never—even in this age of careful retrospects—been fully insisted upon. Those whose business it is to make small sketches of almost forgotten people, were they to disturb the bones of Hayley, would certainly not fix upon the transactions now to be recorded as his greatest act and monument. For, in the first place, they would be tempted to make a comic picture, and so, going the accustomed path, would leave out anything that might spoil sport, and, in the second, they would not have certain necessary papers. These, which the present writer has been fortunate enough to light upon and acquire, take the form of an exercise book, numbered by hand up to the hundred and second page. It is entitled 'A Singular History in a series of Letters from a Father to his Son,' and, though it cannot be stated with certainty that it is in Hayley's autograph, seems to have been corrected by him. A companion volume, in all outward appearances similar to this one and containing a collection of epitaphs, is in the poet's characteristic hand. There is no doubt that Hayley was the author of

this unpublished history. The matter therein contained could only have been known to him ; he refers to the existence of such a manuscript in vol. i. p. 459 of his posthumously published memoirs ; finally, the idiosyncrasies of this gentleman appear so obviously in the style, opinions, sentiments, and in the peculiarly artificial form into which the narrative is cast, that no one with any knowledge of his writings can suppose for a moment he was not the author.

The document in question is an account of the exertions Hayley underwent to secure a pension for his friend Cowper. That a pension was obtained, and that Hayley was somehow concerned in the negotiations, is all that has yet been recorded. Southey has a brief reference to it in his ' Works of Cowper ' ; Hayley himself hinted at the great deed in his ridiculous memoirs. But in what way Cowper got this pension, and why he needed it, and who was enthusiastic for him and who was not, and how Hayley came into the story, and how he acted—such questions have hardly been raised and have never been fully answered. Yet, if this, the most meritorious act of Hayley's life, is to be described in detail, it must be conveyed into history with circumstance and an occasional flourish. It is the story of an importunity, and of an indulgence that came too late.

Hayley and Cowper got to know each other by a mere chance. Those who are acquainted with the latter poet can easily guess that he was not the first to make advances. His nervous affection made him extremely unwilling to court friendship's adventures, though it is also true that on one or two occasions a sudden impulse broke up this sensitive dread of interference. A careless newspaper paragraph gave Hayley the opportunity he improved to his everlasting advantage. He and Cowper had both been commissioned by different publishers to do similar work. Some difference arose between these publishers over a question of illustrations. The newspapers, imperfectly informed, stated that the two poets were emulously engaged in preparing a life of Milton. As a matter of fact they were ignorant of each other's business. But Hayley, who had something of the Boswell in him, and was, besides, nervously over-anxious in all matters of decorum, determined to write a polite letter to the greater poet, expressive of his innocence of all ideas of rivalry (forsooth !) and of his immense reverence for Cowper's poetry. In February 1792 he despatched the intended letter from his ' retreat ' at Eartham, Sussex (the marine hermitage at Felpham was yet unbuilt), and sent with it, according to his usual custom on such

occasions, a sonnet, crammed with as much luscious eulogy as fourteen lines can decently be expected to carry. This letter, meeting with some misadventures on the way, was retarded, and when at length Cowper received it he was sorry to think that Hayley had already been waiting some time for an answer. With such an opportunity on his part to display those sweet graces, that bountiful lovingkindness, the expression of which places him alone amongst our letter-writers, Cowper was at least certain to make a new correspondent. A swift interchange of letters followed; 'our stars consent,' wrote Cowper, and in two months Hayley was at Weston, the guest of an almost inaccessible poet. Though predisposed to like his new friend, the real recluse was at first shy of meeting the sham one. But Hayley's visit was a great and joyful success. 'Everybody here,' wrote Cowper, 'has fallen in love with him, and wherever he goes everybody must. We have formed a friendship that I trust will last for life and render us an edifying example to all future poets.'

At this time Cowper was entering upon the last decade of his life. In the eleven years that had elapsed since the publication of his first volume, he had attained to a reputation which set him alone amongst English poets. Crabbe, a possible competitor, had lapsed for a period into silence. The writers called 'Romantic' were not yet arisen. Yet, popular as he was, his unhappy mental condition had long removed him from society. From the year 1765, the date of his domesticity with the Unwins, he had cut himself adrift from everything that a man of his family and attainments would naturally have sought. But, when fame came to him in his retreat—not without some encouragement on his part, though he was an indifferent wooer—she had not brought him wealth. From the break-up of his prospects as a young man to the time when he first met Hayley, his only trouble, setting aside his malady, had been a financial one. It is not probable he would ever have been able to make both ends meet without some anxiety, granting him a sound mind and a fair fortune. Pity would in any case have outworn his means; business eyes cannot help noticing that he was not economical. Of the first forty-six letters published by Southey in volume fifteen of his 'Works of Cowper,' twenty-six relate to his affairs. His whole fortune consisted of a few hundreds invested in 'the Funds,' and the rent from the chambers he had as a young man purchased in the Temple. That his income was not sufficient for him to live upon, and that he was not prudent in the handling of what he had, appears

from his own humorous statement of what happened during the three months he spent in lodgings at Huntingdon, where—to quote his own words—he ‘contrived to spend the income of a twelvemonth.’ In July 1765 he wrote thus to his very good friend Joseph Hill, a man who has never had the credit he deserves for shepherding Cowper’s odd hundreds :

Whatever you may think of the matter, it is no such easy thing to keep house for two people. A man cannot always live upon sheeps’ heads, and liver and lights, like the lions in the Tower ; and a joint of meat, in so small a family, is an endless encumbrance. My butcher’s bill for last week amounted to four shillings and tenpence. I set off with a leg of lamb, and was forced to give part of it away to my washerwoman. Then I made an experiment upon a sheep’s heart, and that was too little. Next I put three pounds of beef into a pie, and this was like to have been too much, for it lasted three days, though my landlord was admitted to a share in it. Then as to small beer, I am puzzled to pieces about it. I have bought as much for a shilling, as will serve us at least a month, and it is grown sour already. In short I never knew how to pity poor house-keepers before ; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity.

Not long after he wrote this letter he went to stay with the Unwins as a paying guest, but could not shake off his difficulties. He then wrote : ‘I find it impossible to proceed any longer in my present course without danger of bankruptcy.’ From some verses in the same letter it appears, however, that he was buying a horse.

I wrote to you about ten days ago
Soliciting a quick return of gold
To purchase certain horse that like me well.

These early difficulties had been tided over by the intervention of his family, which had sat in solemn conclave over him, and by the change in his domestic arrangements consequent on the death of Mr. Unwin. Mrs. Unwin had a little money of her own, and from this time onwards made a common purse with Cowper. A boy whom he had rescued from drunken parents ceased at this time to be an expense to him, and (one learns from a casual reference) was at last free to follow his parents’ footsteps. After he removed to Olney the poet was given a certain sum every year to spend on charitable purposes, and this, no doubt, helped to save his capital. Thanks to Mrs. Unwin’s good management, to fairly liberal doles from his family, and to occasional presents of eatables from London, something was kept in reserve. Yet in 1772 he was forced to

accept an offer of assistance from his good friend Hill, while in 1778—many of the intervening years were consumed by a second visitation of his malady—that gentleman informed him his income would shortly become less. This second crisis in his financial affairs arrived at the moment when Thurlow, his old friend and school-fellow, was created Chancellor, and it was suggested to Cowper that he should solicit that great man's assistance. Another would have done so, especially as a reminiscence smoothed the opportunity. Long since, in the old days of 1762, Cowper, prophesying, had said to Thurlow: 'Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall always be nobody, and you will be Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are.' He smiled, and replied 'I surely will.' 'These ladies,' said Cowper, 'are witness.' 'Let them be so,' Thurlow had insisted, 'for I will certainly do it.' But Cowper refused to write. 'Our former intimacy,' he explained, 'would be disgraced by such an oblique application. He was sure Thurlow had not forgotten him. He would wait in silence.

That silence remained unbroken by the Chancellor, who churlishly did not acknowledge the poet's first volume, sent to him in 1781. He could not, like Cowper, discern genius in a friend. But towards the close of the year 1785 Lady Hesketh, Cowper's cousin and dear friend, pressed for a statement of his affairs, and, learning that Mrs. Unwin's revenues were much depleted, and that she and the poet had latterly been forced to deny themselves 'some things which hitherto we have been better able to afford,' made a frank offer of help. This in the same spirit Cowper accepted, but it is improbable that Lady Hesketh could have been able to afford much. About the same time presents began to arrive from an anonymous donor, whom Southey believes, reasonably enough, to have been Theodora, Lady Hesketh's sister. From this unknown source of benevolence proceeded the famous gift of a snuff-box, ornamented with the figures of his three tame hares—Tiney, Bess, and Puss. Later came an offer, thankfully accepted, of an annuity of fifty pounds.

It was not long before Hayley, who was interested in such matters, having inherited expensive tastes and a very moderate fortune, had wormed most of these secrets out of either Cowper or Mrs. Unwin. It may have been the latter's regard for her companion that led her to confide in Hayley; at any rate he soon learnt that on her death Cowper, now moderately well off, would cease to be so. She who in the dark years that followed 1772 had been the poet's most attentive nurse, was now

requiring the attention she had once bestowed. On this very first visit of Hayley to Weston she had been taken ill. She was now a very old lady. She may die at any moment, thought Hayley, and what would then happen to Cowper? It was at this moment he formed his grand resolve. He made up his mind not to rest satisfied till he had obtained for the unsuspecting poet a place or a pension. The idea grew upon him. 'It became,' he says, 'the most darling project of my sanguine spirit.' The manuscript entitled 'A Singular History' professes to relate the adventures of this quest.

It is couched throughout in an eighteenth-century euphuism peculiar to the author. There is nothing 'singular' about Hayley's 'history' except the extraordinarily affected manner in which it is written. But this, and the unconscious revelation of character that accompanies it, fully compensate for a lack of exciting material. Hayley had a peculiar genius for casting his thoughts into unnatural forms. His posthumously published memoirs are an example of this. The publishers to whom he was clever enough to sell them during his lifetime must afterwards have repented of their bargain. Housed in two large quarto volumes, they are written from beginning to end in the third person. Facts of his private life which only required the authority of his own word are laboriously established by circumstantial evidence. The fatuity of the book is almost incredible. Though he enjoyed the society of some of the most eminent men of his time, he has nothing pertinent to tell us about them in these memoirs. The huge volumes are clogged with triviality. The fifth chapter, for example (of the fifth book), opens by informing us that 'in the beginning of 1777 he endured considerable pain from an excrescence within the lower lid of his left eye'; while the third chapter (of the seventh book) commences with the startling statement that 'in 1785 Hayley was in imminent danger of being destroyed.' Reading further, one discovers he has had a slight fall from his horse.

If such extravagances of thought and diction are ever accepted as graces, 'A Singular History' will certainly be considered a work of his best period. It is divided into five 'letters,' all of which are addressed, with many verbal caresses, to his son, Thomas Alphonso. In the first, which is dated May 1794—a date that marks the commencement of the narrative—he explains why he has undertaken the task. Conscious that after his death Alphonso will obtain much gratification and pleasure from the perusal of his writings, he is eager to prepare for his son's use 'more private works' which he

may 'hoard or circulate hereafter, as the Treasures of Affection.' A second, and even more characteristic, reason for writing is expressed in a wish that, as Alphonso may sometimes have had occasion to reflect upon Hayley's failings, he may now have an opportunity of contemplating his *Good Deeds*. Further, lest anyone should think that this is pride on Hayley's part, he hastens to assure us he considers himself 'a mere Instrument in the Hand of Heaven.'

By June 1782 Hayley was in London and had commenced operations. He was fully sensible of the difficulty of what he had undertaken, but did not of course realise that the chief obstacle lay in his own character. That it was unlikely 'one poor poet should make the fortune of another' he readily allowed in the abstract, but failed to see how small the chance became when that poet was anything but a man of affairs. Yet, though Hayley was, in more than one sense, a poor poet, and was, besides, the most conspicuously ridiculous person of his age, he had the saving quality of not being poor in spirit. Granted he was an ass, he was at least a determined one. You may call him stubborn, but his stubbornness was second cousin to courage. Southey once remarked that everything was good about him except his writings. That was a too generous verdict; but it is probable he has libelled himself to posterity. In his writings he is a sentimental weakling, but he bore with heroic fortitude the long and painful illness that closed his life. It must also be remembered that Cowper ranked him amongst his intimates.

Hayley did not like London; he much preferred his hermitage at Eartham, where he had a 'riding house' a hundred feet long, an extensive library, and could amuse himself by doctoring the villagers. But Cowper's affairs pressed, and he was resolved to seek immediately a great man's assistance. This was Thurlow, the unscrupulous Chancellor, now in the last days of his power. Hayley, who had been introduced to him by a common friend, one Carwardine ('that pleasant and friendly, though idle, priest' he calls him), had already endeavoured to find out his opinion of Cowper. On that occasion Thurlow had replied evasively that Cowper was 'a truly great man,' a remark Hayley calls a 'eulogy.' Relying on the acquaintanceship that once had existed between Thurlow and 'the Chancellor of poetry,' Hayley had made his plans before arriving in town. It chanced that Carwardine had lately presented one of the Miss Thurlows with an elegant copy of Cowper's poems. Hayley

wrote to the girl and got her to lend him a volume. Shortly afterwards he returned it to her, with the following inscription, written on a blank leaf :

TO MISS CATHERINE THURLOW WITH COWPER'S POEMS.

Sweet nymph, accept a Bard for whom
 Rich Amaranths with Roses bloom
 To deck his moral Lyre ;
 Dear, doubly dear, must wit and Truth
 Be deemed by you from one whose youth
 Was social with your Sire.

Apart by different stars impelled,
 Their course as Mortals both have held
 To suffer and to drudge ;
 But Genius kept them both in View,
 And to the Heights of Honour drew
 The Poet and the Judge.

Ingenuous Girl, while here you see
 How their Fraternal Hearts agree
 In Energy and Truth,
 May you restore and teach to blaze
 With double Glory's blended rays
 The Friendship of their Youth.

This is a fair example of the occasional verse of this once popular poet. Such were the poetical levers by which he attempted to raise a pension from a man of the character of Thurlow.

The Chancellor, 'overwhelmed with business and spleen,' did not wish for an interview, but Hayley, having explained in a note that he was staying in town for that express purpose, made a second refusal impossible. Thurlow therefore (with a kind indulgence that Hayley can never forget) asked him to breakfast at his house at Great Ormond Street. No sooner were the two seated, quietly and alone, than Lord Kenyon was announced. Hayley, who was about to unbosom himself, fearful of losing for ever his opportunity, plunged into his subject at once, regardless of etiquette. The noble Lords 'could not choose but hear,' and he seems to have spoken well and to the point. He reminded Thurlow that the last occasion he had seen Cowper was in November 1763, when he had entered his chambers in the Temple, just after the young law student had attempted to commit suicide. Thurlow was touched at this reminiscence ; he was not an unkind man, and the present crisis in his own affairs doubtless aided the recol-

lection. But when Hayley went on to suggest that the King should pension Cowper 'as an act of personal Thanksgiving and Gratitude towards Heaven, for having restored his Majesty from that mental malady by which this wonderful and most interesting poet has been periodically afflicted,' he could not but remark that such a negotiation would require the utmost delicacy of handling. At this moment Hayley looked at his watch, and, finding he had been talking for over an hour, rose to go. He thus concludes his description of the interview: 'The Chancellor then dismissed me with this endearing expression, "I am greatly obliged to you for all you have said."'

Cheerful that he had advanced his friend's fortunes at least one notch, Hayley made his bow and disappeared into the wilds of Sussex, there to prepare for Cowper, whom he had succeeded in enticing from Weston on the score of Mrs. Unwin's health. Those who would embroider this history to the utmost will find the visit detailed in Southey's 'Works of Cowper.' But before Cowper arrived at Eartham, Hayley underwent severe mortification. June passed, and with it vanished Thurlow's Chancellorship. He had been at his old game, truckling to the King and undermining his colleagues' policy, and Pitt had told George bluntly that he or the Chancellor must go. Pitt being indispensable, Thurlow was compelled to retire into private life. Anyone who had had any acquaintance with politics would have known that, after this event, further correspondence with Thurlow on the subject of pensions could only serve to remind him of his former position, but Hayley, who in these matters was as blind as a mole, continued to work i' th' earth. On July 1, after a month's vain expectation, he wrote him a long letter, full of bad verses and mild reproach. This, which is copied at length in 'A Singular History,' Southey printed in his 'Works of Cowper,'¹ explaining in a footnote that for 'this curious letter' he was obliged to Mr. Carwardine, the son of Hayley's friend. Getting no answer to this letter, Hayley thus quaintly extenuated Thurlow's behaviour: 'I believe the temper and health of the Noble Lord were so embittered at this particular time by Public and Private occurrences, that he was greatly disqualified for social enjoyment and for the common forms of civility'; at the same time he wrote some verses complaining of ill-treatment, and asked Carwardine ('if he had courage sufficient') to repeat them to his

¹ Vol. iii. p. 68.

patron. Their last stanza is worth quoting because, for Hayley, it is a remarkable piece of direct utterance.

Touched by thy silent disrespect
Two poets blame thy rude neglect
With dignity serene ;
We, tho' aloof from Public Jars,
We have thy Pride, but (thank our Stars)
Thy pride without thy Spleen.

Thurlow, accustomed to the savage onslaughts of the authors of 'The Rolliad,' was not accustomed to be treated so gently.

Thus ended Hayley's first assault upon the powers on behalf of his friend Cowper. But he was determined not to give in. His spirits were still undashed, his enthusiasm unabated. Here the second portion of his manuscript ends ; the third tells how he conceived a new plan and started to put it into execution.

His fresh project was to make a direct appeal to the benevolence of the Prime Minister. Here, again, Hayley was unfortunate in the character of the person applied to. The indifference of Pitt to matters of private interest is common knowledge. Preoccupied with public cares, he was not likely to give special attention to the monetary affairs of a poet. He did not include recognition of genius among his public duties. Yet the hermit of Eartham was not unthoughtful of success. When Pitt was a boy of fourteen, Hayley, aged twenty-eight, had made his acquaintance at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and, though they had never since met, had kept up with him a rather one-sided friendship. When, upon the death in 1790 of Thomas Warton, the poet laureate, it had been suggested to Pitt that Hayley was the man for the job, the Minister kindly offered it to him, telling him that the income should be increased if he accepted it. This, from mingled motives of pride and diffidence he had declined to do, but hastened to London to lay before Pitt his notions of how that office should be conducted. He could not, however, obtain an audience, and was forced to return to his 'hermitage,' leaving behind him a litter of bad verses. Now, thinking that all this past history stood very much to his credit, on December 11, 1792, some months after Cowper had returned to Weston, he addressed to Pitt a long letter, in which, amongst other matters, he states that Mrs. Unwin had expended 1200*l.* on Cowper's behalf, and that on her death he would be 'destitute of all support except a little precarious income arising from the contribution of different relatives.'

At this place a page has been torn out of the manuscript, but the text has been so arranged as to read on without violation of the sense. It appears that Hayley, not wishing to trust this letter to the post, gave it to a Mr. Long, 'of the Treasury,' who promised to deliver it to Pitt at the first favourable opportunity. But months rolled by and nothing happened, till, at the beginning of June 1793, it came back to Earham unopened! Tortured though he had been by anxiety, Hayley did not even at this trying moment give up hope, but, seeing in the newspapers that Pitt was laid up with the gout, put the unfortunate letter in a cover and sent it him direct, together with a short memorandum and half a dozen heroic couplets. Then, throughout the summer, he waited. At last he was forced to conclude that neither letter nor verses had received the slightest attention.

Those who would fully realise the strain of anxiety and disappointment put upon Hayley by these refusals must turn and contemplate the progress of Cowper's malady. From time to time throughout the year 1793 indications had arisen that for him a black period was approaching. The plaintive cast of the famous stanzas to Mrs. Unwin, written at this time, show that his stout heart was beginning to feel the strain of the conflict. He was now employed at a second revision of his *Homer*, and with this and various manual exercises was endeavouring, with but moderate success, to tone and regulate his mind. The life of Mrs. Unwin, so precious to the poet, had almost run its course; she was still lively and sensible, but very little would suffice to break up that centre of domesticity. Were anything to happen to her, as the phrase goes, Hayley dared not think upon the resultant probable effect on Cowper. The promise of an assured income would, he thought, divert his mind and allow him to regain his tranquillity. Yet more than a year had gone by and nothing had been effected. This was the state of affairs when, in October 1793, Hayley made a second visit to Weston. At the time of his arrival an invitation had been sent to Cowper by Lord Spencer asking him if he would come to Althorp to meet Gibbon the historian. Visiting was out of the question, and Hayley went instead to offer his excuses. On his return Cowper pressed his friend to stay the winter at Weston. But since his 'darling project' was still unaccomplished, the other felt bound to refuse. And so the end of the year found Hayley once more in London, hatching fresh schemes.

Realising at last that pride and favour-seeking do not go well

together, he presented himself again in Great Ormond Street and bluntly told Thurlow he must have his assistance. He then went on to suggest that some office should be found for Cowper, the duties appertaining to which could be performed by deputy. It is not likely that Cowper himself would have agreed to such an arrangement, and Thurlow, remembering the catastrophe of November 1763, saw the undesirability of such a scheme. 'No,' said he, 'an office would only make him mad; you must get him a pension.' This was a decided step forward, for Hayley, being, as Southey justly remarks,¹ a person 'of incoherent transactions,' had, up to this time, not quite known what he was after. He now suggested that a private conference with Pitt might do the business, but when Thurlow, who knew Pitt only too well, remarked that Hayley would not find him to be a man of much feeling, and that it would be better policy to write him a letter, the poet was obliged to confess that he had already done so, with no more effect, however, than 'the letters of little men often produce on great ones—without procuring the honour of a reply.' Moved, perhaps, at this oblique reference to his own conduct, Thurlow (whom Hayley humorously terms 'The Pluto of Politics') now vouchsafed an excellent piece of advice. 'I do not pretend,' he said, 'to know much of political affairs at present—perhaps, as you say you have lately seen Lord Spencer, you know more than I do; but this I can tell you, that if you could get Lord Spencer to signify to the Minister an earnest desire that Mr. Cowper should have a pension, he would soon have it.'

On hearing this, Hayley became most joyful, thinking that he had gained his object. As a matter of fact, affairs were drifting towards a third impasse. Certainly the key was here, but it was yet possible to apply it to the wrong lock. This the unfortunate fellow immediately did. Instead of going direct to Lord Spencer, he called on Gibbon, who was then in London, and asked him to take the matter up. To his great surprise the historian answered that, though no one was more sympathetic with Hayley's intentions than himself, there were *political reasons* that forbade him, at this moment, to put the slightest pressure on his noble friend. On the other hand he encouraged Hayley in his idea of obtaining an audience of the Prime Minister. The poet had no alternative. By thus approaching Gibbon he had closed the direct route to Lord Spencer, for when, a few days later, he foolishly asked permission of The Roman Eagle (a playful synonym for the author of 'The Decline and Fall')

¹ *Works of Cowper*, iii. 163, note.

to negotiate on his own account, that portly Bird was ruffled, and would not approve. So Hayley repaired to his 'airy and pleasant apartments in Knightsbridge,' and there, on Tuesday, December 26, wrote the following note to the Great Man :

Mr. Hayley presents his Respects to Mr. Pitt and fervently solicits the favour of a few Minutes Conversation with Him on a private Subject which may prove, he hopes, not utterly uninteresting even to a Mind occupied with the highest National Concerns.

Mr. H. will thankfully wait on Mr. Pitt at any Time and Place that He may have the Goodness to appoint.

To this he received an immediate reply, making an appointment for eleven o'clock on the morning of Friday, December 29th. For this interview Hayley 'panted with odd vicissitudes of Apprehension and Desire.'

The fourth section of the manuscript is entirely taken up by the description of this event. As the hour drew near, Hayley became extremely nervous. He had meditated upon it so earnestly—this meeting of an hermit, a little retired and rustic poet, with The Prime Minister of England—that it affected him with a kind of histrionic terror. At length his excitement became so unbearable that he repaired to the house of his friend Romney the painter, who persuaded him to take (medicinally) a glass of port wine. Fortified with this, but with a stupefying headache, he asked Joseph, 'Romney's kind-hearted and inoffensive but coxcomical servant,' to call a coach and attend him to Mr. Pitt's. Now, Joseph belonged to a class of servant that still exists; 'delicate domestics' Hayley calls them—those who are always afraid of doing anything 'degrading.' Amiable in all other matters, he drew the line at getting up and standing behind his master's coach. Between him and his master this had long been a matter of dispute, but of Hayley he at once took advantage, and before that conscious gentleman knew what he was about, was seated in the coach beside him. Travelling on so grave an occasion, and to Downing Street, the poet thought this would never do, and he gently rebuked the fellow in these words :

My good Joseph, I did not mean you should ride with me in the coach, for altho' I should be very willing to travel in the same equipage with you on a proper occasion, I apprehend it will hardly be right for us to drive to Mr. Pitt's together.

The man at once saw his mistake, but the incident hit Hayley 'in point of view so highly comic' that he 'arrived at the Door of the Minister in a long fit of laughter.'

When Hayley was left alone in the long and vacant apartment where he was to plead for Cowper, the gravity of his earlier mood returned to him. He was anxiously deliberating how to begin the conversation, when Pitt entered, and immediately put him at his ease, for 'he received me,' he says, 'not with the supercilious solemnity of a Minister, but with the endearing gaiety of a Friend.' They sat down facing each other, and Hayley re-told his well-worn tale. Pitt was all courtesy. He talked with appreciation about Cowper, and said that he was ready to help him. As for Hayley's letters, he would have answered them at once if he had known in what way he could have been of assistance to the poet, but there he was in a perplexity. On this, Hayley put forward the old alternatives—office or pension. 'I think,' said Pitt instantly, 'it must be the latter.' So far all had gone well. But when Hayley asked if he might write forthwith to Cowper and repeat this conversation, the Minister, though seemingly on the point of agreement, drew back. 'I think,' he said, 'you had better wait a little.' Hayley was shortly returning into Sussex. Pitt would write him further in the matter.

Thus ended the momentous interview, and Hayley's prospects of success apparently closed with it. The year 1793 lagged out, and yet no letter came. Evidently Pitt, situated as he was on 'the pinnacles of Political Elevation,' had, to use a word that was not then current, *burked* the matter. But the hermit of Eartham would not acknowledge defeat. 'I determined,' he says, 'not to despair, and Calamity itself inspired me with a new Courage.' He closes his description of this interview with a sentiment as truly poetic as anything he ever wrote: 'that to draw good from evil is a noble kind of Chymistry and a kind for which human life affords us inexhaustible occasion.'

The closing scenes of this tragi-comedy are now before us: it is time to put a period to these adventures. In the middle of January 1794 the news came to Eartham that Gibbon was dead. It was a great shock to Hayley—that very spring Gibbon was to have entertained him amongst his books at Lausanne—but he could not help realising that by this event a check upon his great project was luckily removed. Though he had hesitated to vex Gibbon living, he felt no such sense of duty towards his ghost, and so on January 25, nine days after the historian's death, he addressed a long letter to Lord Spencer. The reply, received on February 3, was encouraging, but did not in its actual wording amount to

much. Ten days later Hayley had sad news of Cowper, and, so convinced was he a pension would be the best remedy, that, towards the end of the month, he wrote a last appeal to Pitt, in which the old phrases are improved by a new touch of bitterness. To this he got no answer, but on March 5 heard from another quarter that in all probability Spencer would be able to effect something.

A month later he was summoned to Weston. The journey from Eartham was expensive, and he could not afford it, but he borrowed money for the purpose, and arrived on April 16. Seven days afterwards he received a letter from Lord Spencer announcing that he had seen Pitt, and that a pension of 300*l.* a year for Cowper awaited only the King's sanction.

Those who have followed poor Hayley over the rough stones of this his pilgrimage, and so have formed, perhaps, a better opinion of the man's nature than usually is accorded him, will not find it difficult to imagine how joyful he felt knowing at last it was accomplished. To be sportive on such an occasion would be to sin against humour; therefore his peculiar ecstatic phrases shall sleep secure, unmocked. But the joy of this announcement was quartered with sorrow, and, like so many pensions, this pension came too late. It is doubtful if in any event State aid could have helped Cowper; the comfort he lacked was spiritual rather than temporal. But, when this letter came, he could not taste of either. A settled gloom had come upon him, gloom hardly relieved until April 25, 1800. He could not at this moment be told of the honourable change in his fortunes. Pitt had been too dilatory, Gibbon's political apprehensions had stood in the way. Hayley's darling project had been achieved too late; his success was little more than the accomplishment of a failure.

Yet surely for once in his life this man deserved success. Now it is possible to observe that his once much talked-of poem, 'The Triumphs of Temper,' was more than a literary exercise. 'Peter Pindar,' the low comedian of letters, long ago exposed the emptiness of Hayley's satchel, laughed at his cold pomposities, ridiculed his heaps of verse; Byron the unscrupulous, in his first satiric essay, gave his poetic reputation the long drop; he has been quizzed, at intervals, for rather more than a century. Well, he was a good fellow, and literary reputation is not everything.

H. ROWLANDS S. COLDICOTT.

THE INCOME AND PROSPECTS OF THE MATHEMATICAL SPECIALIST.

As civilisation advances, an increasing toll is levied on the resources of the world, and as these resources are limited it becomes daily more and more important to utilise them to the greatest advantage. Thus greater use is made of the methods of exact science in the problems of everyday life, and as problems of increasing complexity arise the investigations are bound to assume more and more of a mathematical character. No better illustration could be afforded of the changes that are taking place in this direction than the modern applications of mathematics to statistics, biology, and eugenics.

It might be supposed that, as a consequence, the services of highly trained mathematical specialists were in considerable demand at the present time, and that a man who devoted the best years of his life to the study of mathematics would have plenty of openings offered him for a successful career.

This is not the case. Indeed, it is not improbable that the position of the mathematical specialist is worse now than it was thirty years ago.

It is very important that English mathematicians should face these questions, and should not shut their eyes to the conditions under which they labour. Otherwise they may incur serious responsibility in advising their pupils as to the choice of a future career.

The son or daughter of a clergyman, railway guard, or pork butcher shows a taste for mathematics at school. In time he (or she) gains a scholarship at one of the older Universities, obtains a degree with first-class honours, and becomes qualified to embark on original study and research. But the family purse then becomes exhausted, and the boy or girl has to seek some means for earning a livelihood. What chance have they of doing so? They have had the whole of their time fully occupied during their college days in learning mathematics, and their distinction in this subject is the one qualification they can produce. What is the earning power of this qualification? And does the well-trained English mathematician obtain the remuneration which his services deserve, and which he

would probably have received, if he had undergone an equally thorough training for a different career ?

The International Congress of Mathematicians at Cambridge afforded a unique opportunity for calling attention to the position of the English mathematical specialist. It is probable that reports of the proceedings as published in the Press might have brought the question before the unmathematical section of the British public in a way that will now be impossible for many years to come. But instead of arranging a discussion on this subject, the late Sir William White was appointed to deliver a lecture on 'The Place of Mathematics in Engineering Practice,' and thus the main result of the Congress was to advertise the claims of English engineers, and, indeed, to place mathematicians in a very subordinate position.

Now English engineers are not backward in calling attention to their successes, they have plenty of opportunities of doing so, and their achievements are so well known to everybody that no harm would have been done to them by keeping them out of the Congress altogether. It is different with mathematicians, who, as a rule, possess little or no public influence. It is even not improbable that, if an English mathematician had ventured to address an engineering congress in the same spirit that Sir William White addressed the Cambridge mathematicians, the whole of the engineers would be up in arms against him.

So far as I can make out, the Cambridge Congress has done nothing whatever to improve the position of the English mathematical specialist, and thus a chance has been thrown away that may never occur again.

However, a useful purpose will be served by inquiring what are the present prospects of the student who has carried his mathematical studies at the University up to the highest standard, and who is capable of doing research.

Had a similar situation arisen in America, I have not the slightest doubt that discussions of the situation would have appeared in the 'Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society,' a journal that (unlike anything in England) gives considerable prominence to *questions affecting mathematicians*, and does not merely deal with mathematics itself. I hope the present paper may induce the Mathematical Association (before which it was read) to give a little more attention to the interests of mathematicians and a little less exclusive attention to 'pretty' theorems (so-called). Personally I feel that it is difficult for one mathematical specialist

to advocate the claims of others without producing the impression that he is advocating his own claims, especially if nobody else has the strength of mind to back him up in his efforts. May I therefore say once and for all that the world has treated me very well, and has amply recognised any work in which I have been engaged ; therefore, when I hear of the difficulties of other mathematicians and know the merits of their work, it seems to fall upon me to call attention to the subject.

The recent discussion in the Press on ' Business Careers for University Men ' will, it is hoped, deter parents from committing their children to a University education without carefully considering their subsequent prospects. It has also done much to call public attention to the desirability of providing openings for University graduates outside the teaching profession, and it will undoubtedly encourage graduates to take up any job that is offered them instead of at first thinking (as so many mathematicians have done) that no job is good enough for them, and then finding that no one will employ them.

Now in subjects such as physics, chemistry, and electrical engineering a demand has arisen for men with University degrees for work of a commercial character, and appointments sometimes fall to candidates of quite moderate attainments, or even go begging (there are recent instances).

There are no similar openings at present in existence for the mathematical graduate, consequently he has no alternative but to regard the whole of his University education as a course of training for the teaching profession.

In support of this statement it will be useful to examine some of the alternative courses which naturally suggest themselves.

I. *The Indian Civil Service* absorbs a few good mathematicians, owing to the nature of the competitive examinations. Although high marks are given for mathematics, the advanced questions are very hard, and I am not quite sure whether the 'classical' candidate does not stand a better chance of success than the mathematician. In any case the successful candidate does not use his mathematical ability directly to a very large extent (perhaps not at all) in the duties of his future career, and he treats mathematics mainly as an examination subject, instead of proceeding to undertake research in it.

II. *Observatory Work.* Perhaps this offers the most suitable opening to mathematicians outside the teaching profession. But

there are only about twenty-four observatories in the British Empire, of which many are private or are connected with Universities, so that probably only about a third of the number would afford openings for a man (other than a mechanic) wishing to earn his income exclusively from observatory work. It is clear that these openings could only absorb a very small percentage of our mathematical graduates. A candidate who set out with the object of qualifying for such a post might have to wait a long time before a vacancy occurred, and then might have to be contented with a subordinate appointment at a very low salary. Moreover, a good deal of modern observatory work falls into the province of the physicist rather than the mathematician, as is indeed abundantly shown by the recent changes connected with the Plumian Chair at Cambridge, rendered vacant by the death of Sir George Darwin.

III. *Actuarial Work.* Much of this work is highly mathematical in character, and can be taken up by University graduates. It does not open up any very brilliant prospects, however. The mathematical expert in an insurance office does not often get promoted to the most important appointments, for which business capacity is usually a main qualification. An old mathematical friend of mine (we were College Fellows together) worked for many years in a Life Office and has now obtained an appointment under the Insurance Act, so that there is one thing at least for which the present Government must be thanked!

IV. *Electrical Engineering.* Many problems in electrical engineering involve the highest use of mathematics, and indeed such problems have indirectly done much to advance modern developments of higher analysis. But the mathematician who embarks exclusively on such studies will have to regard them altogether in the light of pure research, and he can never expect to utilise them as a source of income. On the other hand, there are at the present time numerous vacancies in the electrical engineering profession for students who have undergone a technical training and possess some knowledge of physics, and it is a remarkable fact that these appointments often fall into the hands of students who are anything but brilliant at mathematics (often very much weaker than 'Arts' students). My own opinion is that a mathematician who is out of work and has no prospect of employment in his own subject might with advantage take the necessary course of technical training, especially if he is good at physics as well as mathematics. I am

sure he would find the whole of his mathematical knowledge very helpful to him in his subsequent career. Whether he would be able to earn an increased income at the outset as a result of his higher mathematical knowledge is doubtful. So far as I can judge, the posts now vacant might require him to start on an income of 100*l.* a year, with prospects of an increase. At any rate these prospects, though not grand, are at least not quite so unpromising as they might be, and the mathematician would probably have a better chance of ultimately falling into a lucrative berth than he would in many alternative careers. It would be more healthy than unemployment.

V. *Fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge* are only tenable for six years, and cannot be regarded as a permanent source of income unless they are associated with teaching duties, in which case the holder becomes a member of the teaching profession and is no exception to the general rule. *Dublin Fellowships* are on a different tenure, but the competition for them is so strenuous that a brilliant mathematician may waste the best years of his life in preparing for the examinations, and may sacrifice his prospects of a successful alternative career in consequence of his efforts.

VI. *Engineering other than Electrical.* The average mathematician is mortally afraid of the engineer and will do anything to conciliate him. When an engineer abuses mathematicians they are too weak-kneed to stand up for themselves, and instead of this they adopt an attitude of grovelling servility and allow themselves to be led by the nose in the most humiliating way. The origin of most of the changes that have taken place in the modern teaching of mathematics can be traced to the demands of the engineering students, and no better illustration can be afforded than the way in which graphs were recently ridden to death, in season and out of season. Thus mathematicians have failed to realise that the class of pupil for whom reformed methods were most needed was *not the engineering student at all, but the student who is learning mathematics as part of a general education.*

Now I think I have some claims to speak with authority on the relation between mathematics and engineering, because I have always found engineering problems interesting as affording a source for original work in applied mathematics. I believe there are a great many obscure points which might be cleared up by a mathematician who possessed no practical training whatever. Indeed I go

further, and, whatever Sir William White might have said to the contrary, I believe that it might prove advantageous to all parties if the mathematician were sometimes provided with sufficient income to keep him going while at work on such researches. But there is all the difference between what is theoretically desirable and what is practicable at the present time. I have been long impressed with the desirability of turning some of our superfluous mathematical talent to profitable use in connexion with engineering applications, and have examined the question very fully. My conclusions, however, are as follows :

1. *The mathematician who is desirous of undertaking original research will find an abundance of interesting material afforded by an examination and study of engineering problems.* Many of these are quite as attractive as attempts to enlarge our knowledge of pure mathematics.

2. *No work of this kind can be regarded as a source of profit.* Indeed, it may become a source of heavy loss if the investigator becomes so obsessed with his research as to allow it to interfere with studies of a more remunerative character.

3. *A mathematical student who wishes to earn an income out of engineering applications must give up all prospects of becoming a mathematical specialist, and must concentrate his whole attention on training for the engineering profession.*

Practical experience has confirmed the last statement. Cambridge students who have taken Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos are flocking in increasing numbers into the Engineering Tripos instead of taking Part II. There is wailing and gnashing of teeth among the English mathematicians at the depletion of the Cambridge mathematical schools which is thus brought about ; but unless the mathematicians bestir themselves, and advertise their claims before the British public in a way they have hitherto conspicuously failed to do, they have only themselves to blame, and I have no sympathy with them.

VII. *Examinerships* are so intimately connected with teaching that they rarely go outside the teaching profession, and indeed they are so few in number that many experienced teachers have to wait for years (say, on an average, ten years) before they can find even an opening in this direction. The prospects of such work for a student specialising in mathematics for other than teaching work are therefore *nil*.

It is true that experienced examiners frequently add 150*l*.
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annually to their incomes, but most examinerships are only tenable for a few years at a time, and it would be very exceptional to earn 250% in one year, while the strain would be far too great to allow so much examining work to be undertaken continuously. In estimating probabilities of success in this direction another factor must be taken into account—namely, that it is the rule rather than the exception to find Fellows of the Royal Society appointed to the most important examinerships in mathematics more than in other subjects, save, perhaps, physics. This custom certainly secures the appointment of mathematical specialists, and to this extent is an advantage both to the specialists and to the candidates, for a specialist is not likely intentionally to worry elementary candidates with tricky questions on trivial points which are of no real scientific value. On the other hand, the Royal Society only elects fifteen new Fellows each year, selected from all branches of science, and this year there are one hundred and eighteen candidates, each submitting long lists of published papers; thus the selected list in any year may include not any, or one, or at most two mathematicians chosen after ten, twenty, or more years of post-graduate research, while examples such as those outlined below show that Fellowship of the Royal Society, whatever its qualification for examinership, may still leave a mathematician without an earned income commensurate with the standard of living imposed on him by his social position.

VIII. *Writing Books, Articles, etc.* A little pocket-money may be earned in this way; on the other hand, many mathematicians have published books at a loss, and there are only a few cases in which such work has produced anything that can be regarded as a source of income. In nearly all cases the successful authors have been teachers as well. Such work cannot be regarded as affording any prospective profitable opening for candidates electing to specialise in mathematics at our Universities. It is a curious fact, too, that the majority of modern text-books are by authors who are unknown in mathematical research. This is not altogether an advantage. If a school geometry had been written by a man recognised by everyone as the leading English geometer, we might have had a standard text-book recognised as a worthy successor to Euclid; as it is, we have been deluged with a flood of textbooks, between which it is difficult to choose. In any case the existence of this state of affairs proves that the training necessary to convert a possible 'all-round man' into a mathematical specialist

does not increase his prospect of earning an income out of writing text-books.

The openings *inside* the teaching profession may be briefly summarised as follows :

1. *Professorial Chairs and College Lectureships.* There are probably some seven or eight chairs with salaries of over 800*l.*; in the remainder the salary varies generally between 300*l.* and 600*l.* It may easily happen that six years or so elapse without any vacancy occurring in any of these posts, and when such a vacancy does occur a long array of brilliant mathematicians, including Fellows of the Royal Society, may enter. The electors, who may comprise a butcher, a baker, and a candlestick-maker, are sometimes unable to decide between the best candidates, and so they appoint a local man of no distinction, who probably does the work sufficiently well for the purpose.

A lectureship in one of the Oxford or Cambridge colleges may not fall vacant for thirty or forty years, in which period the college may have turned out over a score of mathematical specialists. It thus rarely happens that such appointments are given to old students of other colleges.

Professorships and college lectureships probably are the only class of appointment for which an exclusively mathematical course of study constitutes the best training.

2. *Assistant Lectureships* form a suitable opening for candidates who have not been lucky enough to get into the previous class. The stipend is usually from 100*l.* to 180*l.*, and apart from the smallness of this amount it is considered undesirable that an assistant lecturer should remain permanently in his appointment. Thus assistant lecturers incur considerable expense in printing testimonials and in travelling expenses in applying for appointments, and they may end in doing nothing or taking up fruit farming.

3. *Scholastic Work* undoubtedly absorbs the bulk of our mathematical graduates. It thus becomes important that those who wish to specialise in mathematics at our Universities should feel quite sure, before they start, that they will like teaching and that they will not concentrate their whole enthusiasm upon their mathematics. Several important headmasterships are now held by really distinguished mathematicians with conspicuous success. At the same time a great many mathematical masters must be content with 180*l.* a year, coupled with the prospect that if the school changes hands they may have to turn out; and if their age is over

forty—or even thirty-five, or thirty—at the time, they may be excluded from further appointments on the ground of being ‘too old.’

Now it will be asked, is there any evidence to show that the prospects of the mathematical specialist are as black as I have pointed out? Of course it is impossible to give specific instances without making them more or less personal. To avoid this it is necessary to give rather impressionist pictures of the kind of cases which occur. I think my mathematical friends will know that the examples cited below are not exaggerated. On the other hand, should any of the cases be identified, there can hardly be any objection to its being here suggested that these people deserved a better recognition of their talents than they have received.

(1) The assistant lecturer who took to fruit farming was a pupil of mine, a First Class in Part II. of the Tripos, a Fellow of his College, and, I should imagine, an excellent and successful teacher. But after going on for many years (ten at a rough estimate) on a salary of (I suppose) 120*l.*, and probably incurring considerable expense in printing testimonials, he decided that anything was better than such an unprofitable career.

(2) The former headmaster of a high-class school is the editor of the only real approach to a *popular* English mathematical journal. He had to resign owing to change in the school, and so far as I can gather he divides his time between journalism and a little market-gardening. Certainly mathematics is not an appreciable source of income to him, although he may possibly receive a very small honorarium for his editorship.

(3) A successful Cambridge lecturer, who has been teaching mathematics probably on somewhat the old lines, decides on a research course of study in Germany; as a consequence he becomes one of England's best pure mathematicians, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. Such a man will probably have tried for numbers of professional appointments, and will have to consider himself lucky if an appointment worth, say, 100*l.* a year or less for higher teaching in an English University college has been found for him with some little difficulty. There are one or two appointments of this kind in existence, and the necessity for them has arisen only recently as a result of the great advances which have taken place in modern mathematics, and the high degree of specialisation that has thus become necessary in order to provide proper University teaching for Honours candidates. Had the subject been Greek or

Roman archæology the specialist would probably have received a higher stipend.

(4) An elderly man with wife and grown-up family and a brilliant mathematical degree earns 120*l.* as assistant lecturer, not enough to maintain a decent standard of living; moreover, he has to manage a class of idle and ignorant students, and they cause so much trouble that he has to lose even this inadequate appointment.

(5) A professor of mathematics (F.R.S.) at a salary of 300*l.* a year and no prospect of a pension undertakes the duties of Principal during a temporary vacancy, and shortly afterwards he breaks down with overwork and becomes incapacitated for teaching. His successor, who has hitherto only received about 120*l.*, forgoes a portion of his new salary in order that the unfortunate man may not be altogether destitute; but the successor himself is a family man. He *may*, after many years' waiting, get a small Civil List pension; a successful dramatist or actor would get ten times the amount. What is to happen to his growing-up family?

(6) A Research Fellow who has drawn up reports for the British Association applies for a provincial professorship, but a local man with only an average degree is appointed, and it is thought that this appointment has been based either on local or sectarian influences.

(7) Though the subject of the present article did not figure officially in the Transactions of the Cambridge Congress, cases in point were mentioned to me privately at the time. I was introduced to a mathematical headmaster who, owing to changes in his school, had been forced to retire on a year's salary or so at a time when it would be impossible for him to obtain a fresh appointment, a younger or less experienced man being appointed in his place, who was no mathematician.

(8) On the same occasion I was asked if I could find employment for a clockmaker who showed brilliancy in mathematics, but did not feel himself suited for teaching work, while his clock trade had declined. He wished to obtain some paid work for performing computations, and aeroplane calculations were suggested. I had to point out that we should be very glad to have the calculations done, but no payment could be possibly expected, and in consequence of this fact my assistant and I had to do the work ourselves, even though this involved frequent delays owing to pressure of other duties. In fact I told his Professor straight out that unless the man was willing and qualified to teach schoolboys he had far better

go back to his clockmaking and regard his college course as mere waste of time. And I really do not see how I could have advised otherwise.

Professor Hobson, Sc.D., F.R.S., has recently published a tract on 'Mathematics from the Point of View of the Mathematician and of the Physicist.' Should this tract fall into the hands of a non-mathematical reader, it would only confirm the common impression that mathematicians do not stand in need of the world's goods, but that they can spend all their time in revelling in quadratic forms, imaginary quantities, and the like unworldly abstractions. Even Sir G. Greenhill made a similar suggestion in saying that we could take our leisure in studying the stability of aeroplanes, while practical men had to neglect these precautions and get up at once into the air. There never was a bigger mistake. Mr. Harper and I had to wait about ten years before doing anything at the subject, owing to teaching duties. The whole of the mathematical problems connected with aeroplanes could have been cleared up, in fact wiped off the board, so to speak, long before the first manned flights, by anyone who had plenty of time and leisure to think about the matter.

One object of this article is to contradict these misleading suggestions and to point out that mathematicians are, after all, human beings who ought to earn enough money to eat and drink and be clothed, and perhaps to marry and bring up families; on the other hand, they often find this impossible under existing conditions, and no one outside a small mathematical circle—perhaps not everyone in that circle—realises the fact.

Although this article has already grown to a considerable length, it seems desirable before concluding to refer to a cognate question leading to very opposite conclusions, which would require, for its adequate discussion, another equally long article—namely, *the value of mathematics to a non-mathematical specialist*. I will only refer to two cases in point.

At the discussion on this paper before the Mathematical Association, a letter was read from a former fellow-student of mine at Cambridge, now occupying an important official post in the Survey Department of the Egyptian Government. If I remember rightly, he used to be regarded as taking a very 'back seat' behind the students of that time who were training as mathematical specialists. But his letter seems to show that he finds the 'outlook' gained by his mathematical studies to be of the greatest possible value

in deciding a large proportion of the questions involved in his official everyday correspondence. He specially refers to Taylor's Theorem, considered in its broad and general aspect. I take it that what he means is something of this kind: while the statement and proof of this theorem must necessarily be associated with a large quantity of algebraical symbols in our text-books, the theorem itself indicates broad and far-reaching relations between cause and effect in associated phenomena, and when a small change occurs in one of the conditions of a problem he is enabled by this means to appreciate the effects of this change.

This and other similar instances seem to indicate that beneath the mass of formulæ of our text-books there is a kind of substructure of fundamental truths which enable conclusions to be drawn—perhaps partly by intuition—without doing any algebra at all, and that it is when this substructure is reached that the non-mathematical specialist begins to realise the value of his mathematical knowledge.

Shortly after this letter I received an application from a surveyor in Central Africa for advice and tuition in connexion with Jordan's classical treatises, and it was some time before I could find an English mathematician competent to give the necessary assistance which he required for his professional duties.

All the changes which have recently taken place in mathematical teaching are calculated to develop the 'outlook' value of the teaching and to minimise the mere algebraical drill with meaningless symbols which has proved such a blind alley to would-be mathematical specialists in the past. The campaign is a difficult one. There is much inertia to be overcome. The traditions of Cambridge forty years ago and more still filter down into our school examinations, and boys who do not intend to do any mathematics after leaving school are still required to work G.C.M.s and L.C.M.s which they will never want to make use of afterwards, even if they become mathematical specialists. But this spirit is passing away. If we can only prove to the world that a course of training under an English mathematician of the first rank is the most valuable asset in the education of a non-mathematician, we may hope to secure a material improvement in the income and prospects of the mathematical specialist.

G. H. BRYAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN : 1863-1864.

BY COMMANDER SIR HAMILTON P. FREER-SMITH, R.N., C.S.I.

'The bombardment of Kagoshima by the British Squadron in 1863, and Shimonoseki in the following year by the combined squadrons of England, France, America, and Holland, were serious incidents; strictly speaking both were unwarranted. But . . . these bombardments of the sacred shore of Japan by foreigners, unfortunate as they were thought to be at the time, produced lasting effects—namely, that even the most anti-foreign patriots came to recognise the futility of offering armed resistance to Powers which were armed with modern engines of war.'—COUNT OKUMA, *Fifty Years of New Japan*.

From 1863 to 1912 is a small period in the history of the world, but during those fifty years what marvellous changes have taken place in Japan. In all her long history, the year 1863 may be pointed out as the turning-point which brought about a complete revolution in regard to the relations of Japan with the outer world, and the gradual changes which led to representative government at home. Events that occurred in 1863-64 are fresh in the mind of the writer, who at that time was serving as a midshipman on board H.M. 17-gun-sloop *Perseus*. It is his hope that, aided by notes from official documents placed at his disposal, he may be able to set down a brief account of some of these events which will be read with interest.

Probably few Englishmen are aware that Japanese guns were ever discharged at British warships, and that our Navy ever bombarded Japanese ports and strongholds. Possibly from a desire to bury the memory of our quarrel with our Ally, references to the bombardment of Kagoshima in 1863 and of Shimonoseki in 1864 have been kept in the background. Silence on this question cannot be desired by the Japanese, who, for the first time, then exemplified to the outer world those qualities of courage, self-reliance, mental grasp, determination, and patriotism which have since been appreciated and admired by the nations of the world. They never showed more markedly than in those days their characteristic thirst for knowledge and their methodical ways of acquiring it. On examining a watch the Japanese thought little of the gold case

or the exterior value. His question was, What makes it go ? On seeing marine steam-engines for the first time he expressed no extreme surprise ; he asked the same question—What makes them move ? Nor would any reply satisfy him till all that happened to the water converted into steam, and doing its work as steam, with all the results in detail, had been fully explained.

At this period there were two Courts at Yeddo (now Tokio), the capital—that of the Mikado, who was supported by the Old Nobles, and that of the Taicoon, or Taikô Sama (My Lord the Taikô) supported by powerful feudal Barons, who were known as Daimios. Secular affairs were dealt with by the Taicoon, whereas the Mikado was the Spiritual head of his people. The Daimios owned and governed large districts, and were supported by an army of retainers of gentle birth, who were entitled, according to rank, to wear one or two swords. Tradesmen were little thought of. Three treaty ports were open to foreigners—Yokohama (only a few miles from Yeddo), Nagasaki in the South, and Hakodadi in the North. In these places there were to be found representatives of most countries who engaged in trade ; and to meet the demands of a Western civilisation there were houses, offices, warehouses known as godouns, and even clubs.

Inside these settlements good feeling prevailed between foreigners and Japanese, and the latter, with their courteous and polite bearing, might well have been described as born gentlemen. Foreigners, however, were not permitted outside a limited area surrounding this settlement, and, generally speaking, trade in those days was despised in Japan, especially by the Daimios and their military retainers. To them trade development meant the opening up of the country, difficulty in levying taxes in their districts, and the introduction of democratic ideas. And, in fact, to proceed outside the treaty limit was to invite assassination by the retainers of the hostile Daimios.

To come to the events which led up to military action by Western Powers, the Japanese authorities had notified that on a certain day the all-powerful Daimio Matsudairu Shiuri No Daiboo, Prince of Satsuma, would pass along the Tokiado, a high road en route to Yeddo, on a pilgrimage to the two Courts, and strangers were cautioned to avoid this road. But there was a confusion of dates, and it happened that a party of Englishmen—Messrs. Charles Lennox Richardson, William Clarke, and William Marshall, merchants, with whom was a Mrs. Borradaile—were riding together, and

met the Prince's retinue. Mr. Richardson was murdered, and the other gentlemen were severely wounded, whilst Mrs. Borradaile, thanks to a good horse, escaped. The consequence of this was that a British squadron assembled shortly after in Yokohama Bay.

And, from a personal point of view, what happy days those were ! Diplomacy was at work, and results were patiently awaited. In the meantime a new joy was appreciated by officers and men—that of practically living in a new world. For at that time only two or three Japanese had ever left their country, and few from the outside world had seen Japan. From the two or three Japanese who returned from abroad, pressure or honour had demanded suicide or the 'hara-kiri,' which tradition says was duly performed. We, for our part, found ourselves enjoying a glorious climate, fresh invigorating air, ravenous appetites, and the best of food. We had long days on shore, which we spent in riding Japanese ponies, walks, convivial meetings at a young but comfortable club, and flirting with primitive, bright, fresh little maids ! What more could a British sailor want ?

As regards the more serious work in hand, from time to time reports reached us of intended attacks on the settlement by unfriendly Daimios. Guard boats were, therefore, drawn up at night in front of the town, and at a given signal these were to take all foreigners to the men-of-war ; one alarm of this kind, when it was eventually discovered to be false, caused much amusement.

An indemnity of 100,000*l.* and an apology was demanded from the Government, and a further indemnity of 25,000*l.* for the relations of the murdered man and those injured. It was also demanded that the murderers should be handed over for execution. The Government consented to the required indemnity and an apology, but pointed out their inability to control the powerful Prince of Satsuma, and suggested direct dealing with him. In consequence, on August 11, 1863, at 10 p.m., a squadron of seven ships anchored in Kagoshima Bay. It was composed of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, 35 guns, 510 men ; *Pearl*, 21 guns, 275 men ; *Coquette*, 4 guns, 90 men ; *Argus*, 6 guns, 175 men ; *Perseus*, 17 guns, 175 men ; *Racehorse*, 4 guns, 90 men ; *Havock*, 2 guns, 40 men. Admiral Augustus L. Keyser, C.B., was in command and had on board his flagship H.M. *Chargé-d'Affaires* Lieut.-Col. Neale, who was accompanied by six gentlemen of his staff, including

Ernest Satow (now H.E. the Rt. Hon. Sir Ernest Satow, K.C.M.G.), who, after the engagement that followed, and again after the bombardment of Shimonoseki in 1864, was specially mentioned by the Admiral in his dispatches. But, even with the squadron anchored in the bay, written and oral communications failed to exact the required satisfaction. The Prince admitted that it was wrong to murder, but urged that it was equally wrong for the Government to make treaties rendering it possible for foreigners to meet him when on his way to Yeddo. He did not offer to pay the indemnity; and as to the murderers, he pointed out that one and all of the retinue when the murder took place were equally guilty. Blame could not be fixed on individuals, it would be easy to hand over two convicts condemned to death, but that would be deceit! 'The journey to Yeddo was to conciliate the two Courts at Tokio, not for murder!'

The result was that on August 25 a portion of the squadron, under Captain Balare, in H.M.S. *Pearl*, went to a bay north of Kagoshima and seized three steamers owned by the Prince—namely, the *England*, 759 tons, the *Sir George Grey*, 492 tons, and the *Contest*, 350 tons. The *Pearl* also seized five Loo-Chu junks. The steamers were lashed alongside H.M.S. *Coquette*, *Argus*, and *Racehorse*. At noon the batteries opened fire, and the squadron, having to form in line for attack, the prizes were burnt. Until fire was opened many batteries were hidden. The *Perseus*, in which the writer was serving, found herself close to a masked battery from which a heavy raking fire was poured. Her Commander, A. J. Kingston, an officer trusted and beloved by all, was on board the flagship, but the first lieutenant, Clayton, acted with great judgment and promptitude; he slipped the cables and managed to get a broadside to her, thus avoiding what might have been almost a massacre. As the drum beat off for action and the young officers left a mid-day meal to go to their guns, a round shot passed through the ship, knocking away the table and passing through a midshipman's sea chest. A shot through the foremast soon followed, then one through the waist, and boom boat, knocking off both legs of a little powder boy. Then, the Commander having returned to his ship, the *Perseus* was directed to engage the batteries, and so was in action before line of battle was formed. Engaging by alternate broadsides she was struck on her quarter, near the screw, by a spent raking shot; this shot was buried in the timbers and afterwards found to weigh eighty-four pounds. Other shots, too, found their

billets. Leading the squadron soon after, the *Euryalus* was heavily punished, one shot taking off the heads of Captain Josling and Commander Wilmot. These two distinguished officers were on the bridge, and the same shot which killed them narrowly grazed the Admiral and the Master, W. H. Parker. A live shell shortly afterwards burst on the main deck, killing many. But by dark the batteries were practically silenced, and the squadron anchored under Sakura Sima. All, however, was not yet over. A report had reached us that fire junks would be drifted across the bows of the ships, and an attempt made by a number of junks to board. The report may or may not have been true ; in any case, a heavy gale—almost a hurricane—blew at night, which alone would have frustrated any attempt at firing or boarding. Still, as it was, the crews slept at their guns, and hoses for discharging boiling water on boarders were in readiness. Meanwhile, the heavy wind having carried the shell from the squadron over the batteries, the town beyond was now an enormous blaze—a sight probably never exceeded in its solemn grandeur.

On August 16 the squadron weighed anchor and passed in line between the batteries of Kagoshima and Sakura Sima, shelling the palace of the Prince and certain batteries which had not been finally silenced. An anchorage was taken up to the southward of the island, and as a result of two days' action the Admiral reported : 'The capital in ashes, foundries destroyed, steamers burnt.' The casualties in the British squadron amounted to 23 killed and 47 wounded. The flagship *Euryalus* was the greatest sufferer, losing 10 killed and 21 wounded. As regards the enemy's armament, as far as could be ascertained there were 11 Japanese batteries mounting 58 siege guns, 11 field guns, and 12 mortars—total 81. Most persons in those days were of opinion that any attack on Japan would be met by bowmen or spearmen supported by men armed with matchlocks. Many men now will learn with surprise that the Japanese at that time not only possessed quite up-to-date artillery, but handled their guns with skill and bravery.

In December the indemnity demanded was paid by the Prince of Satsuma, who, however, adhered to his former reply as to surrendering the murderers. In the British House of Commons a vote of censure on the British Admiral was defeated. This vote blamed him for the burning of the town and the presumed loss of non-combatant life. As a matter of fact, as has since been admitted by Japanese writers, ample time was given for all women

and children to leave the town. The first shot was fired by the Japanese, and the burning was due to shell being diverted by a hurricane.

A happy year for the squadron followed the events recorded, the ships spending most of their time at Yokohama, Nagasaki, and Hakodadi. A line regiment, some marines, and an Indian regiment of Baluchis had been quartered in Yokohama for the protection of foreigners. Nevertheless, and in spite of precautions taken by the Japanese Government, from time to time Europeans were murdered outside the settlement. Reports of intended attacks on the settlement by Daimios were frequent, but the attacks did not come. Trouble, however, was fast brewing. The Straits of Shimonoseki, the entrance to the inland sea of Japan, form a narrow deep-water passage, by using which the distance to Northern Japan from China and the South is materially lessened. The sides of the channel were heavily fortified. One day there was great excitement in Yokohama caused by the arrival of a Dutch corvette (either the *Medusa* or *Djambi*) bearing outward signs in the shape of shot-holes and marks on her side of what on inquiry proved to be a gallant and successful passage through the straits under fire from the shore batteries, acting on orders from the Prince of Choshiou. In consequence of this, ships of different nationalities were sent to show their flag at Shimonoseki, not to attack, but to report if the various flags were fired upon. An international attack was planned against the Prince. The following overwhelming force assembled at Hima Sima in the inland sea :

British : H.M.S. *Euryalus*, 35 guns ; *Tartar*, 20 guns ; *Conqueror*, 78 guns ; *Barrosa*, 21 guns ; *Leopard*, 18 guns ; *Argus*, 6 guns ; *Perseus*, 17 guns ; *Coquette*, 4 guns ; *Bremen*, 2 guns. The *Euryalus* flew the flag of Admiral Keyser, who was in supreme command ; and on board the *Conqueror* was a battalion of Marines intended for the landing-party.

French : *Semiramis*, 35 guns ; *Dupleix*, 10 guns ; *Tancrede*, 4 guns. The *Semiramis* flew the flag of Admiral Jaurez.

Dutch : *Metalen Kruis*, 16 guns (carrying senior officer in command) ; *Djambi*, 16 guns ; *Amsterdam*, 18 guns ; *Medusa*, 18 guns.

American : The United States chartered the s.s. *Takiang*, and put on board an officer, a party of men, and a gun from the corvette *Jamistoun*. This in order that the American flag should be represented.

With a force of this magnitude success was a foregone conclusion: there was not, nor should there have been, much exultation on the part of the victors; but a brief account will bring out the Japanese courage in facing such odds, and individual acts of bravery on the part of the allies. The strength of the Japanese in artillery may be estimated by the following table of captured ordnance, but there appears to be no record available showing the strength in men, more especially the numbers that faced the landing-parties after the batteries were silenced.

Battery.	Guns.	Howitzers.	Mortars.	Field Pieces.
1	1 9-pr.	1 32-pr.		2 12-prs.
2	1 9-pr.			
3	Guns removed by Japanese			
Stocked } Barracks } 4	40 30-prs.	1	1	2 6-prs.; 3 swivels.
5	1 8-in.; 6 24-prs.			
6	2 11-in.; 3 78-prs.			3 12-prs.
7			1 18-in.; 1 13-in.	
8	1 8-in.; 3 24-prs.; 7 30-prs.	2 5-in.		
9-10	2 9-prs.; 1 24-pr.; 6 30-prs.	1 5-in.		2 3-prs.; 4 6-prs.

In several narrow passes through wood or rocks were found a novel form of ordnance—namely, wide-mouthed wooden guns, the wood strengthened by woven or laced bamboo bands. These guns were charged with bags filled with small stones, and were placed in positions covering the passes, making very efficient weapons for the purposes intended.

On September 5 the squadrons took up position. The advanced squadron consisted of H.M.S. *Tartar* (Capt. Hayes); *Dupleix* (French); *Metalen Kruis* (Dutch); H.M.S. *Barrosa*; *Djambi* (Dutch); and H.M.S. *Leopard*. This squadron engaged from the Bay of Tanoma. The light squadrons, composed of H.M.S. *Perseus* (Commander Kingston); *Medusa* (Dutch); *Tancrede* (French); H.M.S. *Coquette*, and H.M.S. *Bremen*, took the batteries in the flank. The firing began at about 2 P.M. By 5.30 it was supposed that the shore batteries were silenced. At dusk a gallant landing

was made by Captain Kingston and Lieut. Pitt, with men from the *Perseus*, followed by Captain de Casembrook and Lieut. de Hart of the *Medusa*. This party spiked nearly all the guns, rendering them useless should the enemy return during the night ; and for this exploit the officers who led the party were mentioned in dispatches, Lieut. Pitt as having rendered ' gallant and valuable services.' The value of the work done by the landing-party became apparent on the next day, when the *Perseus*, covering the landing-party, and driven by a strong eddy current, took the ground under the batteries and lay at times almost out of the water till midnight of the 7th. Had the guns not been spiked this brave little ship might never again have floated.

On September 6 some of the batteries again opened fire, but were silenced. In the afternoon a large force of seamen and marines landed with a view to driving back the Japanese forces prior to dismantling the batteries. The Japanese stood well, but not for long, as might have been expected, seeing that they were facing highly trained men armed with the latest rifles. Midshipman Duncan Boyes carried the colours far in advance, the colour-sergeants having fallen and the colours having been many times pierced by bullets. For this service he was awarded the Victoria Cross, a similar decoration being conferred on two of his supporters—Thomas Pride, ' Captain of the Afterguard ' (a seaman's rating then existing), and William Seeley, a seaman. In the two days' fighting there were 12 killed and 60 wounded.

On September 8 an envoy from the Prince of Choshiou sued for peace, and terms were arranged. The guns were taken away by the allied fleet, and found various destinations. One heavy gun and one mortar may still be seen on Southsea beach near the Clarence Pier. On the carriages are inscriptions placed by the Portsmouth Corporation, stating that the guns were captured at Yokohama—where not a single shot was ever fired, and which was never even seen by the guns ! This error, often pointed out, has apparently seemed too insignificant for correction.

To sum up, these bombardments produced far greater results than could have been anticipated. They marked a complete turning-point in the history of Japan. They tended, in the words of Count Ōkuma, from whose work, ' Fifty Years of New Japan,' the extract standing at the beginning of this article has been quoted, ' more than anything else to disillusionise the misguided seclusionists of their fatal errors.'

SOME HUMOURS IN A COLONIAL BISHOP'S LIFE.

CONDITIONS of life in Australia and America are productive of humorous situations, and there is no particular sanctity hedging a bishop in the public mind. 'He's just an ordinary sort of bloke as wears a pink dickey,' said a bushman, describing the writer to some friends. His quick eye, which received with photographic exactness and almost photographic quickness every detail of horse, harness, and buggy, had marked my purple stock. He saw nothing incongruous in the fact that I was as dirty and sweat-smeared as a town dustman; that, seated on the box of Cobb's coach, I was wrestling not very effectually with a hard-mouthed team of six horses; and that I was embarrassed, and obviously humiliated, by a whip with a lash twenty feet long. Whatever humour there was in the situation must be sought in the contrast between the dignified figure of a bishop in the public mind and the actualities of life. While the bishop's particular qualification as a humourist probably lies in the fact that, like the little girl condemned to stand silent in a corner, he must find solace for his isolation in 'thinking funny thoughts.'

It is impossible to resist the temptation of telling a story against my brother bishops in England and myself. Some years ago I found in Sydney a youthful scion of the aristocracy travelling to gain 'experience of Australian life' before he entered 'the House.' I pointed out to him the futility of thinking that he would gain much knowledge going from Government House to Government House, with occasional visits to show stations where the girls would wear Paris frocks and the men would organise polo matches in his honour. At the same time I invited him to accompany me on a trip I proposed taking to some mining camps in North Queensland. My invitation was accepted with almost indecent haste, and in due course my guest became as dust-grimed and cheerful withal as his companion. I hoped to make him see how strenuous is the life of a colonist in tropical Australia, what hardships must be borne as a matter of course, and with what difficulty are won the jewels of an Empire's crown. On the whole I was pleased with my stage management. I was not surprised when my guest shook my hand warmly at a 'way back' railway station, saying that he had learned a good deal. When he was silent for a while

I thought that he felt some glimmering consciousness of what the duty of the House of Lords was towards the brave men and women on England's outposts. But I was not prepared for the remark made with great earnestness: 'Don't you think it would be a good thing for English bishops if they worked in North Queensland for a bit?' Yet are not sermons as a rule applied to other people?

After my guest had returned to the coast and Government Houses I turned my face to a decadent mining camp—I mean decadent from a metalliferous point of view. The journey was dusty, hot, and sufficiently perilous to preclude monotony. A Roman priest, nervous at the accelerating pace of the buckboard in which he was travelling down a hill on the same road, is said to have exclaimed that he would give five pounds to be out of the buggy. 'Keep your money in your pocket, Father. You'll be out for nothing,' said the driver, and the driver was right. A tree was broken in the process of getting out, but whether by buckboard or priest history doth not narrate. A hungry-looking expectant wild dingo trotted close beside us going down the same hill—but neither can this fact be pressed too far. The good priest would have done better had he followed the example of the man, who not fancying either horses, hill, or driver, alighted at the top of the hill and remarked that he would rather be a 'coward than a corpse any day.' I too have lived in Arcady! Driving with a sugar-cane farmer near the coast one afternoon, the wheel of our buggy slipped over the side of a culvert hidden in the long coarse grass, and, in far less time than it takes to write it, we found ourselves sitting beyond the wreckage on opposite sides of a fallen tree. For a moment speech failed us, but memory, which according to Locke is only a wind sweeping over a field of corn, reasserted itself in my companion. He remarked impressively: 'I turned another bishop out here twenty years ago.'

We held a service in the store of the mining camp. It was the only available room. Everyone came, and I should have been much better pleased if some had stayed away. Among them was a Scotch admirer who had come in from an outside 'copper show' to support me. I think he came into the camp quite prepared for 'a service,' but during the day he made up his mind that my principal aim was to preside at a meeting to consider the erection of a hospital. Nothing could change his mind when once made up. It was suggested to me that it might be advantageous to put him

out of the store before the service began. This suggestion did not commend itself to me. I knew my friend was a difficult man to put out, and even if he was put out he might be a bigger problem to manage outside than inside. 'Give him a seat in front of me,' I said, 'where I can talk to him.' And so the service began. It was of the simplest character. I stood, with my back to a wall, in grey flannels—some members of the congregation had remarked incidentally that a surplice reminded them unpleasantly of funerals—and I gave out a hymn. I remember it was the 'Old Hundredth,' and I precented it. I had barely got under way, however, when a great mountain of a man rose up before me and protested in a voice of thunder that 'psalmody is a' richt in its ain place, but a hospital meetin' is no the time for roarin' hymns.' The position was critical, and it was no use speaking a 'language not understood of the people.' 'Look here, Mac,' I said quietly at the conclusion of the protest, 'are you running this meeting or am I?' 'I ken you're in the chair, Bishop,' was the guarded reply. But I gave my 'ruling' and the hymn was duly sung. It was followed by a simple prayer, another hymn, and then my sermon. Here I had Mac's unwavering support growing in enthusiasm until he could sit no longer, and he rose once more offering 'half a quid for that hospital.' The offer was subsequently doubled in the same manner, and so the service passed.

Divine Service may be a little trying to those who are blessed—or cursed—with a sense of humour. I remember taking one service in a practically deserted mining township where the congregation consisted of more dogs than human beings. I record with relief that they were peace-loving dogs. But during the consecration of a little wooden church elsewhere, a number of quarrelsome dogs had a general mêlée under the flooring beneath my seat. The male population hastily left the church, and, after many obviously bad shots, dislodged with stones the combatants, who fled howling. Once in the bush I held a service where there were only five in the congregation—myself, a deacon who was travelling with me, a talkative man with his silent wife, and a dour Chinaman. The church was a 'bough-shed'—that is a building walled and ceiled with gum-tree branches. I gave out a hymn, and while I was searching in my inner consciousness for the opening note, the talkative man broke in, 'It's no use your givin' out hymns, Bishop. I can't sing and my wife's got no more voice nor an old crow.' The outlook was not promising, but, like old Thomas Fuller, the good

wife preferred chattering with the crows to being silent, and the celestial showed himself infected by music if after a somewhat unconventional fashion. The result was not altogether unsuccessful. The singing was certainly hearty! It is far more trying when the congregation remain severely and attentively silent. 'You didn't render that sacred song at all badly, Mister,' said one miner to a bush brother who had laboured through many verses painfully and alone.

If any member of a congregation in a mining camp has anything he wants to say during service he generally says it. 'That's a lie,' remarked one man cheerfully during a service at which I was speaking. He was not questioning my general veracity, but the accuracy of my information. A brother bishop, who was preaching somewhat at length, made a magnificent pause, the effect of which was somewhat marred by a tired voice remarking, 'Ain't you spinnin' rather a long yarn to-night, Mister?' But then a wearied member of the congregation in the bush has one consolation denied to his more conventional brother in England. He can always go outside for a smoke if he so desires it. And it is never disconcerting to me to know that outside the open windows I have a congregation whose presence can only be detected by the tiny intermittent flames of matches, and the constant aroma of tobacco. Sometimes there is low-voiced conversation on something I have said, but the general attention and courtesy are remarkable.

A Cambridge Don once asked me what style of Church architecture we adopted in tropical Australia. The question was a reasonable one, but the only answer possible was that I thought it was the 'Noah's Ark' style. For truly our churches resemble nothing more than these children's toys—with their straight wooden walls, their acute-angled roofs, their crude colouring and their general box-like appearance. There is a pathetic story of a Scotchman, condemned to live in a district where all the churches were like whitewashed barns, finding inspiration and satisfaction in the contemplation of one small flying buttress on his parish church. He took all his visiting friends to share with him the joy of seeing this belated sprig of Gothic architecture. They would probably feel as I do when some bushman descants upon the perfections of his wooden church, or shows me some villanous attempt at mural decoration. I know how much that tiny House of God means where the whole world so lonely is that God Himself scarce seemeth there to be.

In North Queensland churches are few. Consequently I have ministered more frequently in shearing sheds with a wood bale for a pulpit—in butchers' shops where a huge tree-stump will serve alike for block and altar—in blacksmiths' forges with the anvil for reading-desk—in kitchens and in stores—under great trees and verandahs—on steamers and railway platforms—anywhere where two or three can be gathered together in Christ's name. I remember one Sunday afternoon I took service in the corrugated-iron dancing-hall of a bush hotel. The hall had been used the previous evening for a pugilistic encounter. The publican had shown himself equally benevolent to both events. Both were calculated incidentally to improve his trade. He had advertised them on the same poster, which in its general arrangement ran, to the best of my memory, something like this :

Bob Sweeney v. Tom Smith.
Ten pounds prize.

Bishop Frodsham
will hold forth on Sunday afternoon.

ROLL UP, BOYS.

At this service there was a self-constituted *ceremoniarius* who in a stentorian undertone gave orders to the congregation—'Stand up, blokes,' or 'Sit down'—as the occasion appeared to him necessary.

A very trying feature of a North Queensland bishop's life is the constant succession of '*conversaciones*,' as his local receptions are called. A dance usually follows the official welcome, so the forms are arranged round the room, leaving a huge empty space in the centre. Accompanied by the local clergyman and church officers the bishop solemnly walks like a crab sideways round the room shaking hands with those present. They are chiefly women, girls, and small boys intent upon cake, all of whom are obviously relieved when the semi-crustacean procession has passed them by. The men wisely remain outside the door, in clusters, smoking. After the speeches—what British function is complete without a speech?—the dancing commences. The younger men then drift into the room, seize their respective partners, gyrate more or less solemnly; when the music ceases incontinently fly outside to

masculine protection and more tobacco. The hospitality is usually most profuse, especially in the way of cakes, sandwiches, and tea. Sometimes there is fruit and incidentally some danger of embarrassment is thus caused. The first Bishop of North Queensland used to relate how in one mining camp he received in his hands a huge slice of luscious water-melon—a great delicacy in the bush. Before ever the segment of the globular fruit had touched his lips, the bishop was confronted by the same problem, in an aggravated form, which the cherry tart presented to Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. What was he to do with the many large black seeds? The official hostess saw his dilemma, and, with a true instinct of politeness, whispered in his ear, 'Spit 'em on the floor, my Lord.'

I have come to the deliberate conclusion that dances are among the best forms of popular amusement in the bush. They are well managed. They are popular. They inculcate, so far as I have seen, habits of politeness and respect, and they are never-ending sources of pleasure. They are held on far more incongruous occasions than the yearly visit of a bishop to his people. Has death laid his hand upon the father of a family? The ready sympathy of the community at once issues a subscription list for the widow, and then organises a subscription dance or a Nigger Minstrel show. This is a common occurrence; but the most incongruous 'object' of a charity dance I have ever known was the fencing-in of the cemetery in a certain small township. The particular effort was a mixed dance and concert. And the vocal part included two appropriate items: 'Oh, dry those tears' and 'See that my grave's kept green.'

I am almost afraid to say how much of the humours, and annoyances, of a bishop's life in the Northern bush is caused by those unlicensed mountebanks called locally 'drunks.' Australians are the most tolerant and good-humoured people in the world, but I have wondered at the patience with which men bear the noise and the loathsome familiarities of these wretched victims of alcoholic disease. No matter how great the provocation, it is extremely rare for a half-drunken man to receive the thrashing he merits, and it is safe to say if he did receive it that public sympathy would go with the drunken man and not with the sober one. There must be something very attractive to drunken men in a bishop, for all their devious paths seem to lead towards him. And even when for some reason—perhaps because like Private Mulvaney the gentleman is 'overcome from the belt down'—he cannot follow

the bishop to and fro he gives him prominent place in his moired thoughts. One early morning on the quay of a Northern port a crowd was waiting for the tender. There were well-dressed people, wharfside labourers, half-sober cane-cutters, and others, including myself. A pert little child in a high voice asked her mother—'Mummie, how old is God?' The mother rebuked her child, but a more sympathetic cane-cutter walked solemnly across the quay, laid his hand on the child's arm, and said, pointing to me: 'Missie, you ask that bloke in leggings. He's one of the firm.' I for one saw no designed irreverence—but who can avoid seeing the awful incongruity implied in this piece of sapient advice? I record it because it is illustrative of the humours, and, if I may transpose a word, the pathos, of a Bishop's life.

'Taken as a whole,' wrote Walter Bagehot, 'the whole universe is absurd. The soul ties its shoes. The mind washes its hands in a basin. All is incongruous.' So the contrasts beneath the ideals of a bishop's life and the actualities of the world around him are essentially incongruous. They may, in evil case, move him to mockery. They can also stir him to greater sympathy for lives forced into narrow channels and narrow circumstances.

GEORGE H. FRODSHAM.

Bishop of North Queensland.

JOCK: A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

I.

Is this an extravagant compliment to the century? Certainly, if Jock is a child of to-day I am supposing it to be a cheerful age; for merely to look at the portrait before me of Jock (aged somewhere about six) is a certain cure for lassitude or depression. I have never seen a photograph quite so alive as this of the 'stocky' little figure in corduroys and woollen jersey; the legs well planted a little apart, the chubby hands clasping a stick, the close-cropped head a little on one side as if listening to a suggestion of Puck; the healthy dimpled face with its small thin-lipped mouth, and eyes not beautiful but wonderfully expressive. It is no small achievement for so cold and self-conscious a medium as photography to have conveyed their twinkle of laughter and daring. What was to have been the ultimate destination of that stick I don't know; but if it did not fly through the prison window of that studio, or reveal the fact that the trees in the background were only canvas, then I think Jock's intentions were thwarted by superior powers.

Set Jock in a cosmopolitan company and no one would question his nationality; there would be an immediate smile at this perfect type of an infant John Bull. The sturdy figure, fresh complexion, grey-blue eyes, even the unluxuriant light-brown hair are all so true to type. Yet a close observation might suggest the doubt as to whether—if this is indeed the typical John Bull, Junior—the type is not changing. Those restless eyebrows, that passionate alertness of manner and sparkling eager eye will surely never belong to the weighty and stolid person of the caricature so objected to by Mr. Meredith; but whether this alertness is the alertness of a new John Bull, or whether it is merely Jock's, the future will show.

Jock has suggested a note-book ever since he could talk, but it requires no note-book to recall the infant Jock. He was an uncomfortable restless baby, the sort of baby who dislikes the attentions of strangers and is only brought down to see its mother's most intimate friends: the awkward baby who develops chicken-pox just as the boxes are packed to return from the seaside, and is addicted to the surreptitious handling of coal in other people's

white-wainscoted drawing-rooms. The fact that he had a fore-runner in a delightful infant who ignored chicken-pox and coal and had lovely eyes, and was sociable and content to be quiet, threw the younger brother's vices into bitter relief.

There is perhaps no sensation quite so exquisite in its way to man or woman, as the confiding clasp of a little child's hand. Sentimental pleasures of this sort were early denied to Jock's older friends. He could hardly walk steadily when he clamoured to get up and down and in and out of things 'by myself.' His hand in yours never implied 'Take me with you!' or 'Take care of me!' It was there either by force, or he clasped your hand in order to drag you breathless in his wake as companion in adventure, or as co-spectator of the endless pageant life afforded him.

I suppose that it is this faculty for looking at life instead of merely accepting it which makes the interesting child as it makes the interesting man. Life is new—and therefore to some extent wonderful—to every child: that is both the pathos and the joy of childhood to the travel-worn adult. But there are many little parents of ordinary unwondering men and women to whom life is only arresting because it is new, to whom the pageant quickly becomes a more or less colourless procession of accustomed happenings, who lack the magic power of giving the grey little event a horse to ride and a trumpet to blow.

This is illustrated in Jock's explanation of his dreadful naughtiness in running out on to the roof in his pyjamas: 'I wanted to go on the roof just once in my life.'

It was a commentary on the great adventures of all time. A garden was his to play in, and a nursery with many toys; but to the little Ulysses the roof was unexplored. It was an Odyssey, but it was more. It was a vague consciousness of life as a drama and of himself as an actor in it. I recall remarks like, 'This is the prettiest thing that I've ever seen in my life.' And you know that the expression is no mere echo of grown-up talk. The flower, or the iridescent beetle's wing, is one of the crowd of glittering parts which belong to that glorious whole, 'my life.'

It was something in the same way that when his brother went to school, Jock, who had hardly ever been by himself for a moment and is one of the most sociable people imaginable, made the tearful confession to his mother: 'I feel more lonely than I've ever been in my lonely, lonely life.' The very real ache of grief in the loss of the beloved playfellow was enhanced and transfigured by this

entirely imaginary presentment of his own life as a continuous and magnificent solitariness. He could get out of his trouble to look at it and wonder at it. 'Life is a wonderful thing,' he seems to say, 'and it's mine.'

At first, when this imaginative consciousness was less clearly indicated, it struck us as strange that a child of his exuberant activities and animal spirits should be an adept at make-believe. He was hardly four when he introduced us to the Halligan-Johnson family—(He always had a genius for names). He was never weary of telling us about their curious houses, wonderful motor-cars, and the immense and strange country they lived in. Boland-Jack was another favourite creation—a prodigy of valour and crime. So was Danny, a kind of demon, something between a god and a very naughty boy. His imaginative flights were often more amusing than this. Whether he quite expected us to believe all his stories I can't say. I think the tale of the golden eagle that came down the nursery chimney and created a panic at breakfast time was told with a twinkle in his eye. But there was no twinkle when he said that he had another mother who lived upstairs in the attic, or when he marched solemnly upstairs to pay her a visit, because she owed her existence to a difference of opinion with the mother downstairs, and Jock was out of humour.

He was in the best of humours when he relieved the monotony of the nursery walk by calling out a gay 'Good-morning' to a tramp on the road; and when his nurse remonstrated that he didn't know the man, replied pleasantly:

'Oh, yes, I do. He's my dancing-master, and he lives at B——' (a village three miles distant), 'and I go there every fortnight and learn dancing, and we eat veal pie and drink Camp coffee.'

That was when Jock was between four and five. A little later, influenced by his brother's preoccupation in mechanical things, his imagination took a different turn. Harry would seem to have a real taste for mechanics. He built cleverly directly he was given wooden bricks, and lifts and cranes played a part in every erection; he mends toys and clocks, and takes an engine too seriously to pretend about it. His pleasure in a motor-car is solemn and professional: he doesn't go in one for the pleasure of a ride, but because it is the best substitute for a railway engine. He will tell you exactly how the new mechanical toy works, and if it refuses to work will bewilder you with an elaborate explanation.

Jock, when the first rapture in the toy has subsided, will fix you with an eye which is full of 'the light that never was on sea or land,' but may be seen quite often in the eyes of a child, and will tell you of a much more wonderful machine that he is going to make himself; of a crane which is to fetch up the nursery breakfast, of a hansom-cab which is to be fitted with a stove to keep you warm in winter, of the new motor which is to be worked with sand instead of petrol; and the models of these mechanical wonders, which are to be constructed with the wooden bricks, you are earnestly invited to come to inspect the very next day. It does not need Harry to tell you with a tinge of impatience in his voice that of course Jock never really makes these things; but you would be disappointed, as a rule, if you expected to see the most elementary attempt at construction, though there may be a wonderful picture, in pencil or illegal ink, of a wild and weird machine driven by Danny and carrying as passenger one of the Halligan-Johnsons.

I suppose imaginary animals are a very frequent form of pretence. I don't remember romancing about them myself, perhaps because in real life they did not interest me enough. I don't think it was because Mr. Belloc's and Mr. Reid's funny animal books had not appeared then; for Jock had not seen those either when his imaginary animals made their appearance, an event which was a relief to his friends, who were getting tired of the monstrous and inflammatory adventures of Danny.

The Stingybus, hatched somewhere about Jock's sixth birthday, is the only animal of which I possess a record.

'Why, don't you know the Stingybus?' we are asked in solemn surprise. 'Don't you remember I shewed you its nest in the hedge on Good Friday? There's a notice over its nest: it says: "This is the nest of the Stingybus, it does not bite."'

It was a remarkable bird, and useful, being large and domestic enough to wait at table and undertake spring-cleaning at the rate of 'one room a penny, two rooms twopence.' When his mother suggested that it was a pity that she had not heard of the bird sooner, as the charwoman she had employed for her own spring-cleaning the week before had been much more expensive, Jock looked pink and regretful as he gravely reminded her that this was hardly his fault, as he had told her about the Stingybus before the spring-cleaning began.

II.

But of course there is nothing that is peculiarly of to-day about the child who invents either animals or people. Scratchings also, in bone and ivory, of uncouth mammoth-like beasts that are found upon the walls of cave-dwellings have perhaps been unnecessarily provocative of zoological theories and clever books; for if children existed in prehistoric times, why not also the Stingy-bus? And I am quite certain that little Cain and Abel, the infant Samuel, Martin Luther at six, and the young Cardinal Newman were all intimately acquainted with the Halligan-Johnsons.

It is more open to question, I think, whether Jock's religious ideas and speculations are what they would have been if he had been born even thirty years ago; and this is my chief excuse for supposing that his thoughts and sayings may be of interest to those outside the family circle.

It must be understood that Jock was not born into a clerical household, nor into an atmosphere of religious controversy or discussion. His parents are people whose religion is of a quiet and very practical type. They have no elaborate theories of children's education in general, nor of their religious education in particular. But their children have been taught to say their prayers in a natural informal way, their funny questions and remarks are not laughed at, and an unselfconscious expansiveness has been encouraged since the nursery began.

Jock's first religious phase was the ordinary one of playing at church. The church was the temple, with its veils and mysterious furniture. When I was young I was too much bored with all the types and shadows of temple and tabernacle to want to play at anything connected with them. But now that the 'typical treatment' has gone out of fashion, or, for his mother does not know that, now that you just try to tell the children what it all looked like, the temple is a wonderful place again; and when sufficient mess has been acquiesced in by a patient parent, and shawls have been fastened round chairs, and footstools converted into arks and shewbread tables, the glory of the Lord is a thing that may really appear. The four-year-old Jock stands in the sanctuary on a rickety ark and rebukes the levity of his elder and infant brother, saying: 'Don't laugh, Harry; I'm God speaking!' And the

voice of God proclaims: 'If you're good and say your prayers, I'll give you a new railway signal.'

It was at a later period of playing at church, after Harry had had appendicitis, that Jock, wrapped in temple veils, was heard crooning to himself a sort of half-metrical hymn in which God was thanked for giving us our houses and our fathers and mothers and our 'appendixes,'—a truly modern touch, that!

The temple mysteries always had a great fascination for Jock. He had a little private portable ark at one period, made out of a cigar-box, two bits of brown paper stuck on to the lid representing the cherubim. He would sit apart with it, much absorbed in what seemed to be religious exercises of some sort, drumming his fingers on an imaginary organ. And oh, what bitter tears were shed when the iconoclastic baby broke it!

The temple cult persists while others pass away. For in this year of grace when Jock is seven the temple is built once more, with bricks this time instead of shawls and stools; a magnificent affair which takes several happy days to construct and is photographed with the new Brownie camera. Only one doesn't think any more that perhaps God may come into it.

Was a Huguenot ancestor responsible for the curiously fierce Protestantism which possessed Jock between four and five years of age? His mother saw fit to interfere with some scheme of his, and he was angry. 'Well, then,' he threatened, 'I shall go the Cash'lic church and worship the Virgin Mary.'

If not as staggered by this ultimatum as he had expected, his mother was a good deal puzzled as to where he could have acquired the foundations of the idea. She and her husband never discussed such matters before the children; the nurse, a gentle and discreet woman, was equally certain that she had never done so.

A little later, looking at a picture of the Madonna, he asked who it was.

'The Virgin Mary,' the mother replied.

'The Virgin Mary's an idol,' he objected. And when she earnestly explained his error and that the mother of the Lord was often called the Virgin Mary, he looked only half-convinced and said: 'Yes, but I think "Virgin Mary" sounds like idols. I shall call her just plain "Mary."'

A violent Protestantism is always liable to become heretical, and the Roman agitation gave place with both brothers to an aggressive Arianism. Their mother was guiltless of any attempt

to expound the doctrine of the Trinity, but the mere inference in 'The Peep of Day' as to an equality between the Father and the Son was greeted with an outburst of almost angry incredulity. As a rule the children shewed small inclination to discuss religious topics at odd times, but the Arian controversy invaded bath-time and dinner-time until further discussion of the subject was finally forbidden by weary and bewildered mother and nurse.

The mystery of the Trinity was not the only problem, of course. At a rather later date his mother heard Jock's clear penetrating voice proclaiming to the accompanying clatter of porridge-spoons: 'What I want to know is: Why did God let there be sin?'

I ought to remark in parenthesis that, if 'The Peep of Day' suggested interesting problems, it was not always acceptable spiritual fare. 'Don't read any more of that,' said Jock to his mother in the middle of a reading from the little book; 'it makes me feel as if I'd had too much to eat.' Perhaps it was to cheer his brother's flagging spirits on this occasion that Harry, who was 'farther on,' pointed to a picture of the daughter of Herodias with the Baptist's head and said, 'Jock, if you're good you'll soon get to this!'

In discussing the child's attitude towards any of the religious problems I have mentioned I do not wish to suggest that there is anything peculiar or 'modern' in his ideas. The Origin of Evil is a dark problem at which the dimpled finger of childhood points in every age; but the most unchildlike, or at any rate the most modern-childlike thing in Jock's beliefs is his attitude towards the spiritual world. One expects a child to be strongly anthropomorphic in its ideas: its Heaven a glittering town out of sight up in the sky, its God a great invisible king: the departed saints, people in white robes who have gone to live somewhere else. Indeed this is only a rather crude way of saying what the average religious person believed only a few years ago.

But directly Jock and his brother heard of death and the life beyond the grave, there seemed to be no such confusion in their minds. The conventional idea of the dead person dressed in white clothes singing hymns to a harp, never seems to have occurred to them. It was clear to their more logical intelligence that a 'spirit hath not hands and feet.' Not hands, at any rate. When Jock first heard a spirit defined as some one who has no body any more, he remarked thoughtfully:

'I see—a spirit's just a head and boots.'

And shortly even head and boots disappeared.

I had my own difficulties about the after-life as a child. I sadly wondered if Judas would never be forgiven, and whether I was quite sure to go to Heaven. But these are not Jock's difficulties. He thinks hanging much too good for Judas, and has no doubts at all about going to Heaven, his doubt being rather its desirability as a destination.

Heaven is depressing to the imagination of many children: a depression voiced by a little Yorkshire boy to whom an old friend of mine had been descanting on the glittering glories of the conventional Heaven, when he said gloomily: 'I dean't want to goa there, I'd rayther stop i' spot I'm in.'

But happily the symbolism of The Revelation is no longer thought to be a necessary piece of the theological furniture of the infant mind, and, if Jock's anticipations of a future existence were not cheerful, that was owing to his precocious grasp of the fact that if you are in the spirit you are no longer in the body.

A little playmate died. Where was she? What was she doing? The answer contained the expression: 'She sees God.'

'How can she see God when she hasn't got a face?'

Perhaps it was because life in the body means so very much to Jock, because every waking moment is so full of glorious possibilities of activity, that the thought of this mortality was a sadness to him even at six years old.

'It is a pity,' he cried one day with angry vehemence, 'that Eve ate that apple, 'cos then there wouldn't have been any death.'

On questioning, it seemed that the prospect of a life after death without his sturdy arms and legs, just adrift on a nebulous something, oppressed his little mind. He was comforted when his mother spoke of the resurrection body that God would give him some day. He looked a little puzzled and thoughtful for a minute, then he said happily:

'I see. It's like as if when we were born God put us on a dress, and when we die He takes it off again, and then after a little time He puts us on another dress that's more beautiful.'

It was the same realisation of the distinction between the spiritual and the material that shewed itself one night when the youngest child was asked what had made him so naughty that day, and the infant lisped 'It was my bad heart,' and Jock called out: 'Not your heart! It's your *spirit*; your heart's what the blood goes through!'

Jock has much too vigorous a mind to acquiesce in any theory

of the soul as a mere battle-ground of contending forces. Hearing for the first time of the Divine Spirit as the inspiration of our good actions, he demurred immediately: 'Yes, but we *do* the things.'

If it should be asked, what is the outcome of all this logical and theological precocity?—is the child more religious than the child of other days who asked fewer questions and seemed to take things more for granted?—one has no very cut-and-dried reply.

The soul of a child is a mystery that we must be content to wonder about as we stand in the outer courts of that sanctuary of which we are told it has the freedom. But at least Jock's devotions are alive. There are a great many earnest petitions about people and things at bedtime. God is asked that Binks (a man who does an occasional day's work in the garden) may leave off drinking and get another job; that he, Jock, may remember to put in his 'h's,' and not talk too much etc., etc. And I think we must believe that, for the sake of those prayers, Heaven smiles at the Arian heresy and condones an occasional disinclination to go to church.

For it cannot be said that Jock's passion for playing at church has always been equalled by his devotion to church-going. When made to leave his bricks to get ready to go he has been heard to grumble: 'I wish church hadn't been invented in my days!' And no doubt to anyone of intense vitality, and consequently fidgety propensities, divine service has its trials. As he says, with the solemnity of one making a practical suggestion for church reform, church would be nicer if you could only talk and walk about.

And Jock's cast of mind is no better adapted to the maintenance of the decorum required on such solemn occasions than his active little body. He is an excellent listener, but it is not the sort of listening that is in fashion among devout church-goers. For, according to Jock, you listen because you want to listen, and you want to listen because you are interested in what is being said or read to you, and if you are interested you want to understand, and if you do not understand, why, quite obviously, you ask for an explanation. Sound reasoning, but when the lesson contains problems which must be faced, and faced at once, and the meaning of 'ephod' or 'prophecy' is demanded in the stentorian whisper of childhood, it is a line of reasoning which is apt to come into collision with that cardinal rule of correct conduct—not to talk in church.

These difficulties were the greater before he could read. Now he joins in the service lustily and devoutly—if his singing is not quite in tune. Then the new vicar is a favourite; for his sermons

are short and he is a cricketer. And the fact that he comes to see them in the week, and assists their infant efforts at cricket, serves to invest his Sunday offices with a dignity and interest in the children's eyes which they never had before. For a boy is a layman born.

I cannot conclude these rambling notes about Jock without at least a single specimen of his gift of repartee. Children, like the poor, are no doubt more witty than the educated adult because they are less self-conscious. It is almost mortifying to be told of the brilliant things one said at three or four, and to reflect how rarely one's conversation is relieved by such flashes nowadays. I don't imagine that Jock will grow up a Disraeli or a Sydney Smith, for these are rarer birds than witty children; but amongst a number of forgotten sayings one stands out from the rest in its spontaneous brilliance.

The children were having their hair cut. Jock was very fidgety, and his mother said at last: 'When you behave like that you don't look like a boy of six and a-half.'

The little brother, who is always a model of good behaviour on these occasions said cheekily: 'No, you look like two and a-half.'

'You look like nothing,' was the swift retort. 'You look as if God hadn't begun to make you yet, and was only thinking of a plan for you.'

But at eight years old funny sayings are becoming rarer, and theological speculation is taking a less prominent place. A lovable and original person is left behind, but a person rather more absorbed in the interest of things as they are.

It was the advent of his eighth birthday that raised the question as to what he could want for a birthday present, he had so many things.

'I should like the gift of prophecy,' he said, without a moment's hesitation.

When asked why, he replied with a twinkle in his eye:

'Because I should like to know when the end of the world is going to be, and what they'll find out electricity really is.'

And if the Halligan-Johnsons and the Stingybus and religious heresies are to lead up to the romance and adventure of electricity, I suppose it is ridiculous to sigh.

NEWTON ADAMS.

THE ARAB.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

PROBABLY no man ever had such things told of him, such facts, such lies, says Carlyle concerning Philippe of Orleans. 'He was a Jacobin Prince of the Blood; consider what a combination!' But is not the Arab in Tripoli, in Tunis, in Biskra, in any town or village of Atlas as strange a blend as Philippe? For he is a beggar, a bargainer, a blue-blood—an aristocrat born and bred. None can doubt it who has glanced even casually at the native life and had the least concern with it. We may know next to nothing of the East, but so much it is impossible not to know after one has gone a very little way into Algeria or the Regency. The Arab is a professional beggar and a professional bargainer; as blue-blood he is pure amateur; and this is as it should be: an amateur beggar and an amateur bargainer are objects of our deepest contempt. The hard-bitten professional is quite another thing. Every true aristocrat is an amateur—is it not of the essence of aristocracy?

The aristocracy of the Arab sitting at his café in Algiers or squatting on the mud pavement in the mystic town of Sidi-Okba or of that ruined, dying place Vieux or Old Biskra, is superb to see. I have been told the Arab of Mecca has more dignity than the Arab of Algeria or Tunis, and that if a Christian dog enters a mosque there in his boots he will be struck down without an instant's hesitation by the nearest knife. Dignity does not take this form in Algeria, where it is as safe to enter a mosque as to enter an hotel. True, at Algiers itself you are expected to shuffle over the carpet of a mosque in the regulation down-at-heel slippers over your boots; and if they come off, as mine came off in a mosque at Algiers, you slip them on again, and nothing ill happens. But at sacred Sidi-Okba the Prophet is still more easily propitiated, for an attendant simply affects to wipe the dust off the sole of your infidel boot, no more.

The Algerian Arab to-day clearly has not this severe dignity of the Arab of Mecca as to his mosques, but I cannot imagine a human being with greater ease and dignity of walk and mien than many of the amateur aristocrats and professional beggars of Algiers, of Sidi-Okba and of Vieux Biskra. Their carriage is superb. If they wear rags, those rags are worn with at least the dignity

of the stars and garters of an Englishman at a stately pageant. An Arab is sure of himself and his own position—that is a great thing about him. But physically, too, the Arab is often splendid. The dress no doubt adds to this nobility of mien and whole deportment—where the dress is not absolute rags and tatters. But the physique of the wearer is more than the dress. How fine it is in many a poor Arab! Sometimes it is heroic, sometimes it is that of a Greek god. There are so many heroes in Algeria and the Regency we cease after a while to remark on them. But now and then a figure appears we cannot overlook or forget. I recall such a figure seen on the platform of the station of Guerdamaou, that absurd Customs place between Constantine and Tunis where we smuggle a hundred cigarettes or so because it is the English custom. A Greek god stood on that platform, his form and carriage magnificent; whilst his clothes, or rather his draperies, fell about him with that poetry of dress which is utterly unknown in all our barbaric West. I strove in the confusion and crowd of the station to photograph him, but I failed. It does not matter—he remains quite clear to-day in my memory: there is no film more sensitive than that of the mind, nor any that gives us half so much pleasure months and years after.

At Sidi-Okba in the Sahara Desert I did contrive to get a picture of another Arab somewhat of this type. I think the hero of Guerdamaou might almost have lifted him up in one hand and held him aloft, yet this 'policeman' of Sidi-Okba was a grand specimen. The man appeared to be licensed swashbuckler of the little town—licensed by the will, I suppose, of the Kaid. He joined us magnificently whether we would or no, and he illustrated his vocation to me by dumb show, pulling out and brandishing a knife and whirling his stick around; and we had to pay him, with his odd retinue of a wretched one-eyed kind of dwarf—who was not an aristocrat—whether we would or no. This swashbuckler seemed to know only one English word, 'policeman,' but he had a little French; and when a member of our party, a Dutchman proud of his country, said, '*I come from Holland,*' the policeman replied, '*A very good family, too.*' He could cater to the weakness about good breeding, as well as in his own bearing and perfect manner personify its strength.

The Arab is bred to beggary in the South of Algeria at least. I thought I knew what begging meant after I had been to Sicily—though I missed Cefalù, the capital town, the citadel, I hear, of

the beggar. In Naples, too, begging is understood, so that even a man clad in fine raiment may ask exceptionally for alms. But I think the Sicilians, at least the Sicilian children and the Neapolitans, do not understand the business as the young Arabs of the Desert practise it. They whine and pester in Sicily. In the Desert they go about it in a harder spirit altogether. They will follow you for miles, ceaselessly reiterating the same word.

The concentration of the thing is amazing. A party of three or four children springing from nowhere on the road between, say, Biskra and Sidi-Okba, or Vieux Biskra and the Sand Dunes, will follow your carriage at a sharp run for two miles in the burning sun, begging in the wearing-down way of the young Arab. And all the coloured children of the country do the same. I have seen stark-naked negro children, not more than six or seven years old, with stomachs like little drums, run a mile in the burning sun through the blinding dust, and only drop off in the end through fear of the fierce whip and curses of the enraged driver—who doubtless was in the begging business himself for years.

Every child in the three native villages at El Kantara appears to be a professional beggar. One would not be surprised to hear that the Kaid's children begged. Moreover, if the beggar does not get his full due, if he is underpaid with a sou when he looks for twenty centimes, he may be forbidding to a degree. His little forehead will crease with wrinkles, horrible to see in a child—though pay him his due, and I must say the frowns give way to a smile: the sunny nature of the young Arab instantly reasserts itself.

And so young Algeria, the young Desert especially, grows up to manhood and dignity and a splendid presence.

* * * * *

An aristocrat can stare in Algeria, and the stare of this Arab aristocrat is peculiar. It is not friendly like the French, nor frigid like the English. It is not ponderous and unsympathetic as that of the large German can often be. Above all, the Arab seems *never* to turn upon his heel, after you have passed him, to look at your back, as an English peasant so often does and as an English townsman sometimes. If an Arab in Algeria or the Regency did turn on his heel, one might have an uneasy notion that his knife was coming out—he is too dignified to turn for any other purpose. His curiosity is satisfied by looking at you continuously and softly

as you pass. It is the least incivil stare that can be imagined, considering it has not the faintest trace of lovingkindness or human sympathy. Something of that deep disdain with which, in Arnold, the East looked up to see the thunderous legions of the West sweep by may be in the Arab look at you, the Christian and the hustler and the tourist; but I cannot say that there is anything hurtful or offensive about it even to the shy or sensitive man who loathes the stupid English yokel stare and the hateful *scrooge* sound that tells how the starrer has turned on his heel after he has passed and is looking into your back. An Arab cannot forget he is a gentleman.

The thought constantly strikes one whilst travelling through North Africa, town and village and country—What has made so many of these men the heroes and the Greek gods they are in physique and the aristocrats they are in manner? People often say in Algeria that it is the survival of the fittest, and really I incline to think that here is an example of that law in action. We are told it is an inhuman law. It is thought by some to be a remnant of Manchester, and is strangely confused with the opposition of John Bright to the Factory Acts and even with free trade.

The law of the survival of the fittest through natural selection has never, of course, worked in the West among human beings in anything but the most modified form. It is utterly impossible it should. The most hard-shell individualist admits this freely. But it really looks as if it had worked and were working to-day among the natives of Algeria and the Regency. It may not produce the fittest for survival, from the standpoint of the West, for the last thing it is producing is the hustler. Yet it does produce a splendid specimen of a man in figure and often in feature. It produces an animal about as far removed to all outward view from the chimpanzee, whom Darwin introduced to us as our poor relation, as we can imagine.

Roughly, the working of the law in the Atlas may be this: The children are born largely in squalor and poverty—the native quarter of Algiers, of Constantine, of Tunis, and the wretched tents of the wanderers throughout the land prove it past dispute. They grow up—they are not brought up. Nature weeds them out. The weakest die out, and so the physique of the Arab of the Atlas is—on the whole—kept at a high standard.

I incline to the theory of how the Arab evolves, but not immoderately. We must not forget that the life of the Arab, once he is untied from his mother's bloomers, is a very healthy life, whatever

his station. Healthy Arab children in the towns and mountains of the Atlas and in the Desert *are* healthy. They are out all day, rolling in the sand and mud, roasting in the sun, soaked by the rain when rain comes. Growing to manhood, they still live in the open, and live—many of them at any rate—on entirely wholesome food.

But the food, I believe, is only a detail. The sun and the air, the light and sweetness of all physical life, the source and the only real upkeep of it, are the Arab's lot, all day and every day. They are his in the crowded town. They are his still more in the black tents of the Desert and in the hills and plains throughout all the land.

It may be in some degree—I think it is—the survival of the fittest : it is the survival, too, of the sunniest.

But what of the Arab woman ? Here we are at once in another world. I am not much impressed by the talk about the romance and mystery of the veiled woman. It is a fashion to talk, or at least to write, of the dark eyes just peering out beneath the veil. Certainly most of them are dark—great, black, ugly hollows under the eyes. There may be no sex problem in Algeria and the Regency, but who can doubt that there is a deep and terrible sex evil ? The women are pitiable objects even in those towns where they appear and walk about in public in numbers, such as Algiers and Tunis—how much more pitiable in Biskra or in Sidi-Okba, where they are hardly ever seen ? I think I saw only one veiled woman in Biskra itself—the rest were the Ouled Nail dancers. At Vieux Biskra one sees a few old worn-out negro women. At Sidi-Okba I saw not a single native woman : they seemed to be not even on the mud roofs there. Think of the horrible paradox or irony of it—a pure woman, a valuable woman, in Algeria must be muffled away from the sun and the light ! She must live in the dark till her eyes sink into black hollows and her skin grows as yellow as old vellum. It is horrible. Let us respect the religion and the castes of Islam by all means, but we are free to hate their grotesque, inhuman tyranny. The veil is no romance, but it is tragedy.

I do not know whether survival of the fittest acts among these Arab women as it is said to act among the men ; but I know that nearly all the Arab women I saw in the streets in Algiers and Constantine and Tunis were young women or old women. There were no middle-aged women. It is with them as with the Desert. There is no twilight—the day and then swiftly the dark. This

oldness and unutterable decay of young Arab women—for a woman who is allowed in the sun can be young and beautiful at forty and over, in other countries—completely deceived me for a while at Algiers. I thought I never saw so many grandmothers out with little children before, and I wondered whether the mothers were under lock and key up in the Kasba ; for should he esteem his wife a woman of virtue, many an Arab will lock her up when he goes abroad for the day ; it is not enough to deny her the sun out of doors—she shall be denied the right to go forth even when veiled. It was not for some days that I discovered my mistake, when my companion told me that these old women of thirty to forty were hardly mothers yet, far from grandmothers.

What age must such pitiful creatures appear to be when—if ever—they do become grandmothers ? There is a character in one of Mr. Hardy's wonderful stories who falls in love with three generations in succession—grandmother, mother, daughter. Such a thing in Algiers would be past all nightmares.

I well recognise the grand raw material for colonising which the French have in the Khabyles. The Khabyle is the human camel. He is at once the base djemel and proud mehari, for he bears the burden and he trots whilst he bears it. I first saw him in harness at the docks of Algiers, carrying sacks of meal. I watched him for an hour or so ; and of all the Khabyles I watched at the Quai Nord that afternoon, only one dallied once a few minutes between the going to and fro with heavy weights in the hot sun. The Khabyle at Algiers really appeared to work 'but as the linnet pipes' ; and there as in Biskra he carried loads under which it sometimes seemed as if his skinny legs, skinny almost to a skeleton, must snap.

I met with him anew in the vineyards of Western Atlas. There he worked under a French bailiff, so that shirking might be hard, but I doubt whether many of those vineyard workers were ever meant by nature to be shirkers : the true Khabyle element was strong among them, though here and there might be an Arab of quite a different type—the aristocrat and beggar type—working with the rest.

That scene in the vineyards of the Atlas at ploughing and digging time—of how rare and ancient a beauty is it ! I have been impressed by the Biblical character, by the Biblical look, of much of the life of the Atlas. Now here is the Bible absolute ! I found it in the godless crowd of the Algiers promenade : I found it in the

black tents on the vast grain fields of Setif: I found it in the cavalcade of Arabs mounted on mules with their wives seated behind them, the cavalcade winding along the lonely mountain roads of Khabylia: I found it in the landscape of the Aurès, those hills of rose and red crowned with something of the 'solemn gladness' of an Olivet: I found it in those vineyards of the French company worked with the latest type of American plough. The yoked, slow oxen, the shouts of the drivers to the beasts, the jolting of the Arab ploughman in the deep furrow of the sun-caked soil—in its extreme simplicity, its elemental old character, the scene is quite like our fair English scene at the fall of the year. But it is old England with a great sense of the Old Testament added. Nothing could spoil it. I am unconcerned because the ploughs were fashioned in America, not Arcady. It does not matter to me that the work is run by French capital for purely a business undertaking. I walked up the rough road from the native baths of Hammam Rhira and sat on the hill-side watching that new-old scene of Bible oxen and men and of new American ploughshares fresh from Algiers with their coats of crude paint. I could not have enough of it.

* * * * *

That is the Khabyle, the Empire-maker for France. He is a great part of 'Les Arabes,' the name one almost ceaselessly finds on the lips of the French settlers and travellers through Algeria and the Regency—'Les Arabes' this, 'Les Arabes' that, and perhaps on the whole nothing very kind of 'Les Arabes.' He is of Islam. He may believe in the Holy War, if it ever comes, and may enter for the competition of the seventh heaven. But, seeing only Khabyle, one would not see the East. The Khabyle often has the splendid physique and stature, he has often the superb carriage, that mark the Arab aristocrat. But he wants the repose, the inaction, that are the East's. The Arabs of Sidi-Okba, of the native cafés of New Biskra, of the promenades of Algiers, seem above everything to be idlers. It was at Sidi-Okba, where they squatted and strolled softly and stood softly, in the burning Desert sun, that I saw the thing to perfection. As I never saw flies till I went to the streets of Sidi-Okba and found them in black layers on the raw meat in the markets, so perhaps I never saw true idlers till I went to that sacred city. Idlers in the West are busy idlers. They are amateurs in the business of

doing nothing all their lives. Sidi-Okba is peopled largely by professionals in the business. There you shall really see *dolce far niente* : I am not sure that I noticed *dolce far niente* in Sicily or Italy. The Sicilian temperament is perhaps too passionate and active, or too sunny, for the perfection of *dolce far niente*. Now at Sidi-Okba in the fierce March sun—what must *dolce far niente* be then in the July or August sun?—you shall see at once, if you have not met with him at Biskra, the Arab who is dead perfection in the business of doing nothing all his life. What do these men depend on for a living? I have asked guides and busy French settlers. They appear sleek and well dressed and comfortable where they saunter their lives away or squat, sipping sugary coffee and smoking the excellent, dirt-cheap, cigarettes which one can buy anywhere in Tunisia for a few pence a hundred. The answer is that they own a few good date-trees in the oasis. A heavy crop supports them through the year.

I know now the meaning and the truth of what I heard about the people of Arabia in my early childhood. They were represented to me as saying—'How can men live without dates?'

*THORLEY WEIR.*¹

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES was in camp again at the little peninsula fringed with meadow-sweet and loose-strife below Thorley Weir, scarcely hearing, far less listening to its low thunder, diminished by the long continuance of the drought, scarcely seeing, far less looking at, the dusky crimson behind the trees which shewed where the sun had set. Probably his unconscious self, that never-resting observer and recorder of all the minutest unremembered incidents of life, saw and took note; but though his eyes were open and his ears alert, his conscious brain was busy with what concerned him more vividly than those things. Besides, in a way he had already made them his own; he had painted them half a dozen times in sketches and studies, he had guessed their secret, learned the magic of their romance, and they were his. All that was not his, all the life that was expanding and opening about him, could not but claim and receive this surrender of his brain and his heart.

He had come back here two days ago, and on the morning following had presented his card at the Mill House to a parlour-maid, who had taken it in, leaving him and the canvas, easel, and paintbox he had brought with him to grill at the door. This rather superior young person returned after a while and, bidding him follow, took him upstairs into what looked like a disused nursery, overlooking the lawn and river, and pointed at a picture propped against the end of a sofa.

'Mr. Wroughton hopes there is everything you require,' she said, 'and please to ring if you want anything.'

She rustled out of the door, which she closed with elaborate precaution, exactly as if an invalid Charles had fallen into the sleep which was necessary for his recovery.

Charles' grave grey eyes had been twinkling with amusement, as he was thus led through an empty house, and stowed away like a leper in this sequestered chamber, and, left alone, a broad grin spread over his face. Then, before looking at the picture which

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stood with its face towards the end of the sofa, his eye made an observant tour of the room. Certainly it had been a nursery, for here stood a doll's house, here a child's crib, here a chair with a confining bar between the arms, so that no child imprisoned there could by any means escape. But there were signs of a later occupancy—a couple of big armchairs and a revolving bookcase stood there also, on the top of which, evidently in recent use, lay a writing-pad with ink-bottle and pen-tray attached. Also there was that indefinable sense in the air, manifest subtly but unmistakably, that the room was still in use. . . .

A rap at the door which indicated not 'May I come in?' but 'I am coming in,' interrupted this short survey, and the parlour-maid entered. She cast a vulturine glance round the room: she saw and annexed the writing-pad. But again before leaving she spoke like a Delphic oracle up-to-date.

'If you desire to rest or smoke there is the garden,' she observed.

Now Charles had already drawn his conclusions about the room, and he resented the removal of the writing-pad by anybody but its owner. For it required but little constructive imagination to re-form the history of this room. Surely it had been the nursery of the girl of the punt, and was still used by her as a sitting-room. She ought to have come and got her blotting-pad herself. However, she had done nothing of the sort, and in the meantime it was his business not to dream dreams, but see and reproduce another painter's vision. He took hold of the picture that stood against the end of the sofa, turned it round, then gave a short gasp of amazement. For here was the girl of the punt, inimitably portrayed. Just so, and in no other fashion had she turned opposite their tent and looked at Charles while his brother execrated that which should have been an omelette. There was no question that it was she: there was no question either that it was a superb Reynolds.

Instantly the artistic frenzy awoke: the dream that lay deep down in his young soul, dim and faint and asleep, seemed suddenly to awake and merge and personify itself in the treasure that it was his to copy. Instantly the whole room, too, burst into life, when this prototype of its owner was manifested. Nor, apart from the sweet and exquisite pleasure that it gave him to work here, had the room been badly chosen: there was an excellent north light, and by drawing down the blinds of the window opposite, he could secure exactly the illumination he required. In five minutes he had adjusted his easel, and with his canvas already mapped faintly out into

squares to guide his drawing, the charcoal began its soft grating journeys.

For a long time he worked on in one absorbed pulsation, and was just beginning to feel that his arm was momentarily unable to continue without some pause for rest, when an interruption, unlooked for, and for the moment inexplicable, occurred. A faint continued scratching, not impatient but entreating, came at the door, and, rightly rejecting the first idea that had presented itself to him, that the indomitable parlour-maid, suddenly brought low, besought admittance, Charles opened to the intruder. A big golden collie stood outside, who sniffed at him with doubt and hesitancy, and then, deciding that he was harmless, came softly by, and established itself on the sofa. Established there in the haven where it would be, it thumped gently with its tail, as a signal of gratitude.

Charles stood with the open door in his hand a moment, but it seemed impossible to continue drawing into the passage, so to speak, and with a tremor of anticipation in his wicked young heart, he closed it again. A parlour-maid could remove a writing-pad, but it might easily require someone with greater authority to entice away that other possession. Then, before going back to his work, he tested the friendliness of his visitor, and, finding he was welcome, spent a minute in stroking its ears, and received as thanks a rather dry hot nose thrust into his hand. Clearly the dog was not well, and, with that strange canine instinct, was grateful for the expression of even a stranger's sympathy. Then it lay down with muzzle on its outstretched paws, and eyes wide-open and suffering and puzzled. Charles went back to his canvas, but he expected further interruptions now.

In a little while they began. Through the open window on the side towards the river, where he had drawn down the blind, he heard a footstep on the gravel path below, a whistle, and then a voice calling 'Buz!' Buz heard, too, for he pricked a languid ear and just moved a languid tail, but did not feel equal to a more active recognition. Again and once again Buz was whistled for and called, and it seemed to Charles that he was in the position of an unwilling accomplice who had better turn King's evidence. So as quietly as he could he pulled up the blind and looked out. Below on the grass stood Buz's mistress, and perhaps the whisper of the blind had caught her listening ear, for on the moment she looked up, and saw Charles at the window.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but I was shewn up here, and I think it must be Buz who asked to come in. He is lying on the sofa.'

There was a sudden surprise in the girl's face: it might only be due to being thus addressed by a stranger from the upper storey. But as a matter of fact, it was not a stranger quite who addressed her: she perfectly recognised him, though the surprise was there.

'Oh, thank you,' she said. 'I will come up to fetch him.'

Charles stood there waiting, with his blood somehow strangely a-tingle and alert. It seemed to him as if this had all happened before, yet he could not remember what happened next. But it all seemed very natural. Then he heard her quick step on the stairs and she entered.

She smiled at him rather remotely, but not without friendliness, and certainly without embarrassment.

'Thank you so much,' she said. 'I could not find him. Buz, dear, come along.'

She stood in the doorway, with head already half-turned to leave the room again, just as in the hundred-year-old portrait of her. Buz tattooed languidly with his tail.

'I'm afraid he is not very well,' said Charles, with the sense of taking a plunge. 'His nose is hot and dry.'

'I'm afraid so. The dogs always think of this room as their sick-room if they don't feel what's called The Thing. Buz, come along.'

Buz thought not.

'But won't you leave him here?' said Charles.

Joyce came a couple of steps into the room.

'Oh, I hardly like to,' she said. 'Won't he disturb you?'

'Not an atom. Do leave him if he feels like stopping. He doesn't mind me.'

That last sentence won Joyce's heart: it was easy to reach it through her dogs. But she detached herself from Charles again, as it were, and went up to her ailing dog.

'Buz, darling, I'm so sorry,' she said. 'You can stop here if you like. Not quite well? Oh, I'm afraid not well at all.'

She bestowed a kiss on Buz's head, who wrinkled puzzled eyebrows at her. It appeared she could not help him, and he did not understand . . . Then she turned to Charles again.

'Please forgive my interrupting you,' she said. 'And weren't you painting below Thorley Weir a week ago? Yes: I thought it was you.'

Before he had time for more than the bare affirmative, she had left the room again. And all the way downstairs she mingled with compassion for Buz a wonder why she had felt as if she could not help asking that, although she was perfectly certain it was he.

It was characteristic of Charles that he flew to his drawing again, for that expressed his feelings better than any mooning reverie would have helped him to do. He must draw, he must draw, just as an eager young horse must run, to give outlet to the life that rejoices in its limbs. Besides, each moment of industry brought him nearer to the painting of the face and the half-turned neck. But before he began again, with Buz's permission, he kissed the top of his flat golden head, and went to his work with a heightened colour, feeling a little ashamed of himself.

Perhaps an hour passed, while from the house came no sound at all, nor any from the room where Charles worked, except the scrape of his charcoal, and the rather quick uneasy breathing of the dog. Then came an interruption which did not excite him in the least, for he had not forgotten the manner of access peculiar to the parlour-maid.

'Will you be working here this afternoon, sir, Mr. Wroughton wants to know,' she said. 'And if so, will you take some lunch?' Charles' foolish heart leaped.

'I should be delighted to,' he said.

Again silence descended. Then, with a heart that leaped down again, he heard a subdued clink on the stairs. It was even so: there re-entered the parlour-maid with a neat tray on which was set an adequate and austere refreshment. And as Charles ate his excellent cold mutton and rather stringy French beans, he grinned largely at his mental picture of himself as the prisoner in solitary confinement, who might take exercise in the prison yard when he wanted to smoke. But Buz shared his confinement, and the apparition of Buz's mistress was not unknown. By-and-by he would take his exercise . . . And then again the glory of the Reynolds portrait, the exquisite satisfaction, too, of being able to see, from his studies in the National Gallery, the manner of its doing, and the knowledge that he could, owing to his long and careful practice, put on the paint somewhere in that manner, swallowed up his entire consciousness again.

A gong sounded from below, and Buz from mere force of habit, knowing this was dinner-time, got off his sofa, before he realised that

dinner was of no use to him. He went but a few steps towards the door, then turned, and sat down in front of Charles seeking his eyes with his own, mournful, not understanding, mutely beseeching to know what was the matter, asking him to help. Charles tried to convey comfort, and Buz acknowledged his efforts by a few heavy sighs breathed into his caressing hands. Then, walking stiffly and painfully, he went back on to his sofa again. But Charles felt as if he had been taken into the poor beast's confidence: Buz had enlisted him to give such aid as was possible.

The room had grown very hot in the last hour with the unflecked outpouring of the sun on its roof, and Charles thought with a touch of not more than secondary rapture of the cool liquid embrace of his weir. But a more primary ecstasy was in the foreground, and, putting aside his charcoal, he could not resist getting out his paints and rioting with loaded brushfuls over the expanse of the faded blue of the sky that toned into pale yellow above the low horizon to the right of the picture. On the left rose a thick grove of dark serge-clad trees against which was defined that exquisite head, and to which there pointed that beckoning hand. Who was the unseen to whom she beckoned with that gracious gesture, yet a little imperious? To what did she beckon him? Perhaps only—and that would be the best of all—to a saunter through the twilight woods with her alone, away from such crowd as might be supposed to throng the stone terrace seen glimmeringly to the front of the picture, to a talk, sitting on the soft moss, or on some felled tree-trunk, in low voices, as befitted the quietness of the evening hour, to an hour's remission from the gabble and gaiety of the world. Or was it he, the unseen onlooker, who had asked her to give him half an hour . . . he had something he wanted to tell her—Charles could picture him in his satin coat and knee-breeches, stammering a little, a little shy—something for her ear alone . . .

Then the mere quality of the splendid work struck and stung him afresh. What depth of clear and luminous twilight was tangled among the trees that cast tides of long shadows, clear as running water over the lawn! The grass had been painted first, and the shadow laid over it. It was impossible not to daub in some of that. No one had ever *seen* quite as Reynolds saw, not quite so simply and comprehensively. And then suddenly despair benumbed his fingers: it would be a profanity, were it not so grotesque, to think of copying such a wonder. And at that Charles became aware that both hand and eye were thoroughly and

deservedly tired. Also that he had a searching and imperative need for tobacco. It was decidedly time to seek the prison yard.

The sun had ceased pouring in at the window where he had raised the blind to turn King's evidence with regard to Buz, and now a cooler breeze suggestive of the coming of evening sauntered in. It was this perhaps that had refreshed the sick dog, for when Charles opened the door Buz shambled off the sofa and followed him downstairs. There was no difficulty about finding the way into the garden, for it lay straight in front of him at the foot of the stairs, and, still seeing no signs of life, he crossed the lawn and walked on a grass path down between two old yew-hedges, Buz still at his heels, towards the river. Then turning a corner he stopped suddenly.

On a low chair sat a very old lady. Suitably to this hot day she was dressed in a little print gown, with a linen sunbonnet, and looked exactly like the most charming of Kate Greenaway's gallery. She was employed, without the aid of spectacles, on a piece of fine needlework that looked rather like baby-linen, but was probably for her own embellishment; Joyce, full length on the ground, was reading to her.

She instantly dropped her work. Never in all her life had she failed to make herself agreeable to a good-looking young man, and she was not going to begin now. Joyce had half-raised herself also and gave Charles a half-smile of welcome, which she augmented into a most complete one when she saw Buz.

'Buz, dear!' she said.

Lady Crowborough did not quite say 'Charles, dear,' but she easily might have if she had known his name.

'Joyce, introduce him to me,' she said.

Joyce looked at Charles, raising her eyebrows, and quite taking him into the confidence of her smile and her difficulty.

'It's the——' she nearly said 'boy,' but corrected herself—'it's the gentleman who is copying the Reynolds, Granny,' she said. Then to Charles: 'May I introduce you to Lady Crowborough?'

Lady Crowborough held out her little smooth thin hand.

'Charmed to see you,' she said. 'Of course I knew what my silly granddaughter has told me. Such a to-do as we've had settling where you was to paint, and where to stow all Joyce's bits of things, and what not.'

Charles had excellent manners, full of deference and void of embarrassment.

'And my name's Lathom,' he said as he shook hands.

'Well, Mr. Lathom, and so you've come out for a breath of air,' continued the vivacious old lady. 'Get yourself a chair from the tent there, and sit down and talk to us. Only go quietly, else you'll wake up my son, who's having a nap there, and that'll cause him indigestion or perspiration or a sinking, or I don't know what. Perhaps Joyce had better get it for you; she won't give him a turn, if he happens to wake.'

'Oh, but I couldn't possibly——' began Charles.

'Well, you can go as far as the tent with her, while she pops round the corner and carries a chair off, and then you can take it from her. But mind you come back and talk to us. Or if you want to be useful you can go to the house and tell them I'm ready for tea, and I'll have it here. Ring the first bell you see, and keep on ringing till somebody comes. The whole lot of them go to sleep here after lunch. Such a pack of nonsense! What's the night for, I say! And then, instead of dropping off when they go to bed, they lie awake and say a gnat buzzing, or a dog barking, or a grass-hopper sneezing prevented their going to sleep.'

Charles went swiftly on his errand, and accomplished it in time to join Joyce outside the tent and take the chair from her. Already the comradeship which naturally exists between youth and maiden had begun sensibly to weave itself between them: in addition, Charles had been kind to Buz and seemed to understand the significance of dogs.

'It was good of you to let my poor Buz stop with you,' she said. 'He has adopted you, too, for he came out when you came, didn't he?'

'Yes; I hope he feels better. What's the matter?'

'I don't know, and the vet doesn't know, and the poor lamb himself doesn't know. He's old, poor dear, and suffers from age, perhaps like most old people, except darling Granny. I shall send for the vet again if he doesn't mend.'

They had come within earshot of Lady Crowborough, who was profoundly indifferent to the brute creation. She preferred motors to horses, mousetraps to cats, and burglar-alarms to dogs. She was equally insensitive to the beauties of inanimate nature, though her intense love, contempt, and interest for and in her fellow-creatures quite made up for these other deficiencies.

'Now you're talking about your dog, Joyce,' she said. 'I'm sure I wish he was well with all my heart, but if his life's going to be a

burden to him and you, I say, put the poor creature out of his pain. A dab of the stuff those murderers use in the East End and the thing's done. I say the same about human beings. Let the doctors do the best they can for them, but if they're going to be miserable and a nuisance to everybody, I should like to put them out of their pain too. Give 'em time to get better in if they're going to get better, but if not snuff 'em out. Much more merciful, isn't it, Mr. Lathom? I hope they'll snuff me out, before I'm nothing but a mass of aches and pains, but they haven't got the sense, though I daresay they'll so stuff me up with drugs and doctor's stuff that I shall die of the very things that were meant to cure me.'

Joyce giggled.

'Darling Granny!' she said. 'You wouldn't like it if I came to you one morning, and said "Drink it down, and you'll know no more."'

'Well, I'm not a nuisance yet with rheumatics and belly-ache,' observed Lady Crowborough. 'Lor, the medicine your father takes would be enough to sail a battleship in, if he'd collected it all instead of swilling it; and much good it's done him, except to give him a craving for more. Why, when I was his age, a good walk, and leave your dinner alone if you didn't want it, was physic enough. But I've no patience with all this talk about people's insides. It's only those who haven't got an inside worth mentioning who mention it. And did you come all the way back from your tent in the heat, Mr. Lathom, to go on painting this afternoon?'

'Oh, no,' said Charles, 'they very kindly sent me a tray up with some lunch on it.'

'And you sat there all by yourself, mum as a mouse, and ate up your tray?' she asked. 'You don't do that again, mind! You come and talk to me at lunch to-morrow. I never heard of such a thing! Joyce, my dear, pour out tea for us. I want my tea, and so does Mr. Lathom. I warrant he got nothing for lunch but a slice of cold mutton and a glass of sarsaparilla if your father had the ordering of it. Now I hear you live in a tent, Mr. Lathom. Tell us all about it. Ain't you frightened of burglars?'

'There's nothing to steal except a tin kettle and me,' said Charles.

'Well, that makes you more comfortable, no doubt. Joyce, my dear, it's no use giving me this wash. Put some more tea in, and stir it about, and let it stand. I like my tea with a tang to it. And your tent doesn't let the rain in? Not that I should like

to sleep in a tent myself. I like my windows closed and my curtains drawn. You can get your air in the daytime. The outside air is poison to me, unless it's well warmed up in the sun. But I should like to come and see your tent.'

She regarded Charles with strong approval: he was certainly very good to look upon, strong and lean and clear-skinned, and he had about him that air of manners and attentiveness which she missed in the youth of to-day. He sat straight up in his chair when she talked to him and handed her exactly what she wanted at the moment she wanted it.

'Ah, but do come and see it,' he said. 'Mayn't I give you and Miss Wroughton tea there some afternoon? I promise you it shall be quite strong.'

'To-morrow,' said Lady Crowborough with decision. 'I'll go in the punt for once, and Joyce shall push me along.'

Charles excused himself soon after, in order to get another hour of his work, and he was scarcely out of earshot when Lady Crowborough turned to Joyce.

'Well, my dear,' she said, 'I don't know what you've done, but I've fallen in love with that young man. And to think of him having his lunch all alone, as if he was your father's corn-cutter or hairdresser. When Philip wakes, he shall know what I think about such rubbish! Where's my cup? I don't want to tread on it as I did yesterday. Why, Mr. Lathom's put it back on the table for me!'

'I think he's a dear,' said Joyce. 'And he was so nice to poor Buz.'

'Don't begin again about your dog now,' said Lady Crowborough, 'though I daresay Mr. Lathom has been most attentive to him, and no wonder.'

With which rather Delphic utterance, she picked up her needle-work again, while a smile kept breaking out in chinks, as it were, over her face. For though she liked presentable young men to be attentive to her, she liked them also to be attentive to any amount of their contemporaries. Young men did not flirt enough nowadays to please her: they thought about their insides and that silly Scotch golf. But she had noticed the change of expression in Charles' respectful eyes when he looked at Joyce. She liked that look. It was many years since she had seen it directed to her, but she kept the pleasantest recollection of it, and welcomed the sight of it as directed at another. And in her opinion, Joyce well deserved

to have a handsome young fellow looking at her like that—she, so strictly dieted on the somewhat acid glances of her father. A little judicious flirtation such as Lady Crowborough was quite disposed to encourage, would certainly bricken the house up a bit. At present, in spite of her own presence there, it seemed to have no more spring in it than unleavened bread.

Next day, according to the indisputable orders of Lady Crowborough, Charles had taken his lunch with the family, and though Philip Wroughton had thought good to emphasise the gulf which must exist between his family and a young man who copied their portraits for them, by constantly using the prefix 'Mr.' when he spoke to Charles, the meal had gone off not amiss. Irrespective of Lady Crowborough there was the inimitable lightness of youth flickering round it, a lightness which Joyce by herself felt unable to sustain, but which instinctively asserted itself when a little more of the proper mixture was added. Afterwards Charles had paddled back to his encampment in order to prepare for his visitors, and soon after, while Philip slept the sleep of the dyspeptic, his daughter and mother left in the manner of a riverside Juliet and a very old nurse, to go to what Lady Crowborough alluded to as 'the party.' She had dressed herself appropriately in a white linen frock with little rosebud sprigs printed on it, and an immense straw hat with a wreath of roses to embellish it. She had a horror of the glare off the water, which might cause her to freckle, and wore a thick pink veil, which, being absolutely impenetrable, served the additional purpose of keeping the poisonous air away from her. Her whole evergreen heart rejoiced over this diversion, for not only was she going to have tea with her handsome young man—'my new flirt' as she daringly called him, but, having had a good 'go' of flirtation herself, she was prepared to encourage the two young people to advance their intimacy. Most of all she hoped that they would fall in love with each other, and was then prepared to back them up, for she had guessed in the twinkling of an eye that Craddock had Philip's consent in paying attention to Joyce, and with her sympathies for youth so keen, and her antipathy for middle-age so pronouncedly contemptuous, she altogether recoiled from the idea of Joyce ever having anything to do 'with that great white cream-cheese' as she expressed it to herself. She found the cream-cheese agreeable enough at lunch and dinner to give her the news of the town, and a 'bit of tittle-tattle' in this desert of a place, but she had no other use for him, either for herself or her granddaughter.

Charles received them at the edge of his domain, ankle-deep in forget-me-nots, and conducted them, a distance of three yards, to the shadow of his tent where tea was spread. There were two deck-chairs for the visitors, the box of provisions with a handkerchief on the top for table, and a small piece of board for himself. He had pinned up against the tent-side two or three of his sketches, and his sole tumbler stood by the tea-things with a bunch of forget-me-nots on it. He made no apologetic speeches of any description about the rudimentary nature of the entertainment, because he was aware that he had nothing else to offer them. Besides, the tea was strong, and there was a pot of strawberry jam.

'Joyce'll be saying she must live in a tent too,' remarked Lady Crowborough, withdrawing her veil. 'Upon my word, Mr. Lathom, I like your dining-room very much. That thicket behind cuts the beastly wind off. That's the colour I like to see tea.'

'It's been standing a quarter of an hour, Lady Crowborough,' said Charles, with his respectful glance. 'Are you sure it's not a little—well—a little thick?'

'Not a bit—Joyce and you may add water to yours if you like. And are those sketches yours? They seem very nice, though I don't know any more about pictures than I do about poems.'

She looked at them more closely.

'And has Joyce been sitting to you already?' she asked, in a tremor of delight. (They *had* been sly about it!)

The ingenious Charles looked mightily surprised.

'Oh, that?' he said, following her glance. 'That's only a little water-colour sketch I did of the head of the Reynolds' picture. But it is like Miss Wroughton, isn't it?'

It was indeed; so for that matter was the Reynolds.

Lady Crowborough was a little disappointed that Joyce hadn't been giving clandestine sittings; but she knew as well as Charles himself that he had executed this admirable little sketch with Joyce, so to speak, at his finger-tips, and not her great-great-grandmother, and her new flirt rose higher than ever in her estimation.

'And when will you have finished your copying?' she asked.

Here again Charles did not fail.

'I can't possibly tell,' he said. 'When I came down I imagined it would take a week or ten days, if I worked very hard. But I see how utterly impossible it will be to do it in anything like that time. But it's lovely work. I don't care how long it takes.'

'Bless me! How sick and tired you'll get of it!' said she.

'Not if you'll come and have tea with me, Lady Crowborough,' said this plausible young man.

Lady Crowborough grinned all over: she knew just how much this was worth, but she liked it being said.

'Well, anyhow, this American Mr. Ward is quick enough about his part of the bargain,' she said. 'My son received his cheque this morning, sent by your friend Mr. Craddock, Joyce, my dear. Five thousand pounds! There's a sum of money!'

Charles paused a moment, some remembrance of an American and a cheque for five thousand pounds stirred in his brain, without his being able to establish the connection.

'What? Has he got it for five thousand pounds?' he asked.

'Yes; plenty too, I should say, for a bit of canvas and a lick or two of paint on it. I'm sure when you have finished his copy none of us would be able to tell the one from the other. Ain't five thousand pounds a good enough price, Mr. Lathom?'

'Well, it's a very good picture,' said Charles.

Joyce was watching him, and saw the surprise in his face.

'Why did Mr. Craddock send father the cheque?' she asked.

'Lord, my dear, I don't know,' said Lady Crowborough. 'Cheques and Bradshaws are what I shall never understand. I suppose it was what my bankers call drawn to Mr. Craddock. His name was on the back of it anyhow. Whenever I get a cheque—which is once every fifty years—I send it straight to my bank, and ask them what's to be done next; and it always ends in my writing my name somewhere—to show it is mine, I suppose. But as for Bradshaw, it's a sealed book to me, and I send my maid to the station always to find out.'

Suddenly Charles remembered all about this American and the cheque for five thousand pounds, and the slight film of puzzle, uncertainty, cleared off his mind again. Reggie, a week ago, had mentioned the drawing of this post-dated cheque at Thistleton's Gallery. It was all quite clear. But undoubtedly this Mr. Ward had obtained his picture at a very reasonable figure. Then, as if to abjure what had never been in his mind, he spoke, not more warmly than his heart felt about Craddock.

'Mr. Craddock has been tremendously good to me,' he said. 'It's scarcely a week ago that he first saw me, when I was painting here one afternoon, and you brought him by in the punt, Miss Wroughton. The very next day he bought my picture off my easel—'

'Well, I hope he gave you five thousand for it, too,' said Lady Crowborough.

Charles beamed at her. She had finished her second cup of positively oily tea, and was smoking a cigarette with an expression of extreme satisfaction.

'He did more for me than that, Lady Crowborough,' he said—'he gave me a chance, a start. Then he came to see my studio, and gave me the commission to paint this copy. And then——'

Charles' simple humble soul found it hard to be silent, but he remembered Craddock's parting admonition.

'And then, my dear?' asked Lady Crowborough.

'Then he has made me feel he believes in me,' he said. 'That's a lot, you know, when nobody has ever cared two straws before. By Jove—yes, I owe him everything.'

Certainly her new flirt was a charming young fellow, and Lady Crowborough saw that Joyce approved no less than she. She felt he was probably extremely unwise and inexperienced, and would have bet her veil and gone back veil-less, the prey of the freckling sun, if she had lost, that Craddock had made some shrewd bargain of his own. It was now time for her flirt to have an innings with Joyce. She was prepared to cast all the duties of a chaperone to the winds, and inconvenience herself as well in order to secure this.

'Well, I've enjoyed my tea and my cigarette,' she said, 'and all I've not enjoyed is Joyce's punt. I shouldn't wonder if it leaked; and the gnats on the river were something awful. They got underneath my veil and tickled my nose, and I shall walk home across the fields, and leave you to bring the punt back, my dear. And if you've got a spark of good feeling, Joyce, you'll help Mr. Lathom wash up our tea-things first.'

And this wicked old lady marched off without another word.

Joyce and Charles were left alone, looking exactly like a young god and goddess meeting without intention or scheme of their own, on some green-herbaged riverside in the morning of the world. They did the obvious instinctive thing and laughed.

'Everyone does what darling Granny tells them,' said Joyce, 'so we had better begin. The only suggestion I make is that I wash up, because I'm sure I do it better than you; and you sit down and sketch the while, because I shouldn't wonder if you do it better than me.'

'But I wash up beautifully,' said Charles.

I think not. There was egg on my tea-spoon.'

'I'm sorry. Was that why you didn't take sugar?'

'Yes. I should have had to use it.'

'Have some now by itself?' said he.

'I think I won't. Where's a tea-cloth?'

Charles wrinkled his brows.

'They dry in the sun,' he said. 'We thread them—tea-cups, that is—on to the briar-rose.'

'And the plates? Do begin sketching.'

'They dry also. They are placed anywhere. But one tries not to forget where anywhere is. Otherwise they get stepped on.'

Charles plucked down the Reynolds head from the tent wall.

'I began it from the picture,' he said, 'but may I finish it from you? If you wash up by the forget-me-nots, and I sit in the punt, at the far end, I can do it. Oh, how is Buz to-day? He didn't come up to the nursery.'

She neither gave nor withheld permission to finish the head in the way he suggested, but her eyes grew troubled as she emptied the teapot into the edge of the water. It was choked with tea-leaves—gorged, replete with them. He picked up his water-colour box, and climbed out to the cushions of the punt.

'Buz isn't a bit well,' she said. 'I've sent for the vet to come again to-morrow. Oh, isn't it dreadful when animals are ill? They don't understand: they can't make out why one doesn't help them. Buz has always come to me for everything, like burrs in his coat and thorns in his feet, and he can't make out why I don't pick his pain out of him.'

'Sorry,' said Charles, scooping some water out of the river in his water-tin, but looking at her. Their eyes met, with the frankness, you would say, of children who liked one another. But for all the frankness, only a few seconds had passed before the unwritten law, that a boy may look at a girl a shade longer than a girl may look at a boy, prevailed, and Joyce bent over the tea-cups. She was not the less sorry for Buz, but . . . but there were other things in the world too.

'I know you're sorry,' she said, 'and so does Buz, and we both think it nice of you. And how long, really, do you think your copy will take? And what will you do if the weather becomes odious?'

'I shall get a cold in my head,' said Charles, drawing his brush to a fine point by putting it between his lips. 'And a sore-throat.'

Joyce looked at him with horror.

'Oh, don't put the brush in your mouth!' she said. 'They always used to stop my doing it at the drawing-school. Some of the paints are deadly poison.'

'Oh, do you paint?' said Charles. 'You ought to have painted and I to have washed up—— Please stop still for a moment, exactly like that. So sorry, but I shan't be a minute. Damn.'

An unfortunate movement of his elbow jerked his straw-hat, which was lying by him, into the Thames: it caught and pirouetted for a moment on an eddy of water, and then hurried gladsomely down-stream.

'But your hat?' said Joyce in a strangled whisper, as if, being forbidden to move, she must not speak.

'I'm afraid I've already said what I had to say about that,' said Charles. 'Just one second.'

He worked eagerly and intensely with concentrated vision and effort of its realisation for half a minute. Then again he used that forbidden receptacle for paint-brushes, and dragged off the excessive moisture from his wash.

'Now I'll get it while that dries,' he said.

He picked up the punt-pole and ran down the edge of the bank to recapture his hat. But it had floated out into mid-stream, and his pursuit was fruitless.

'And it was nearly new,' said Joyce reproachfully, on his return. 'I'm afraid you are extravagant.'

'Just the other way round. It would have been false economy to have saved my hat—price half a crown—and have risked losing the—the sight I got of you just for that minute while my hat started voyaging. But now,' he said, gleefully washing out his brushes—now that I've got you, let the great river take it to the main.'

He made the quotation simply in the bubble of high-spirits, not thinking of the context, nor of the concluding and following line: 'No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield.' But instantaneously the sequel occurred to him—for the words were set to a tune which he very imperfectly sang with his light tenor, and accompanied on his banjo.

'You talk of too many things in one breath, Mr. Lathom,' said Joyce. 'You said if the weather broke you would catch cold here, so of course you must go to the inn in the village, if it rains.'

Men have no sense. I believe you would stick on here, while you get congestion and inflammation and pneumonia. Then you asked me if I painted, and I may tell you I don't. I used to try: if I have any sketches left the sight of them would convince you of the truth of what I say.'

Charles' art and heart tugged for his whole attention. For another minute he was silent and absorbed.

'Quite done,' he said. 'Thank you so much, Miss Wroughton.'

Charles looked at her, and all thought of his art passed from him. She was entrancing, and he suddenly woke to the fact that in the last quarter of an hour they had made friends.

He came towards her, stripping the sketch off its block.

'Do let me give it you,' he said rather shyly. 'You see I shall enjoy the fruits of your labour, as I shan't have to wash up. It's only fair that you should have the fruits of mine—at least if you would care for them at all.'

She could not but take in her hand the sketch, not yet dry, which he held out to her, and, looking at it, she could not but care. Never was there anything more admirably simple, never had an impression been more breezily recorded. There was no attempt at making a picture of it; there were spaces unfilled in, a mere daub of hard-edged blue in the middle of the sky was sufficient note to indicate sky: the weir was a brown blob, and a brown blot was reflection; and a splash of grey, as if the brush had spluttered like a cross-nibbed pen, showed where the water broke below. Against it came the triumphant painting of a head, her own or the head in the Reynolds' picture, but so careful, so delicate; and for the rest of her there was a wash of stained blue for her dress—a patch of body-colour, careless apparently, but curiously like a tea-cup, against it. At her feet was a scrabble of blue lighter than her dress, but none could doubt that this meant forget-me-nots . . . they were like that, though the scrabble of pale blue seemed so fortuitous. Probably Charles never painted more magically than in those ten minutes, even when the magic of his brush had become a phrase in art criticism, a cliché. There was all that a man can have to inspire it there, and the inspiration had all the potential energy of the bud of some great rose. It had the power of the full blossom still in it, the energy of the coiled spring, the inimitable vigour of a young man's opening blossom of love.

It was no wonder that she paused when he handed it to her. Her own face, her own slim body and gesture, as he saw her, leaped

at her from the sketch, and she thrilled to think 'Is that what he sees in me?' No array of compliments, subtly worded, brilliantly spoken, could have told her so much of his mind. It was an exquisite maiden that he saw, and that was she. She could not but see how exquisite he thought her: she could not fail to glow inwardly, secretly, at his view of her. Those few minutes' work, at the cost of the straw-hat, came as a revelation to her. He shewed her herself, or at the least he showed her how he saw her. The insatiable and heaven-born love of all girls to be admired shot in flame through her. Now that she saw his sketch, she knew that she had longed for that tribute from a man, though till now she had been utterly unconscious of any such longing. Mr. Craddock when he proposed to her lacked all spark of such a flame; had even he but smouldered. . . . But she knew that Charles saw her like that. That in itself seemed abundantly sufficient. She let herself droop and lie on it, on the thought of it . . . it was transcendent in its significance.

Her scrutiny lasted but a moment. Then from the sketch she looked back to Charles again—him who had seen her like that. . . . And had she possessed his skill of brush, and could have painted him, there would have been something in her sketch, as this had, of the glimmering light that trembles high in the zenith when the day of love is dawning. Back and forth between them ran the prelude tremor, a hint, a warning of the fire that should one day break into full blaze, fed by each; but to the girl, at present, it was but remotely felt, and its origin scarcely guessed at. To him the tremor was more vibrant, and its source less obscure; the waters were already beginning to well out from their secret spring, and he beginning to thirst for them.

The moment had been grave, but immediately her smile broke on to it.

'Oh, that is kind of you,' she said. 'I shall love to have the sketch. And I retract; it was worth a lot of straw-hats to do that. Perhaps you have not even lost one. I may overtake it on its mad career as I go back home. I will rescue it for you, if I come across it, and give it first aid. I must be getting back now. Thank you ever so much for the delicious tea, and the delicious sketch. You will be at work again, I suppose, to-morrow morning?'

Such was the history of the two days, which Charles revolved within him that evening, after he had eaten his supper and sat out by the water-side, unwitting of the dusky crimson in the west, and

the outpouring weir. Things fairer and more heart-holding than these absorbed and dominated his consciousness.

Day by day his copy of this wonderful Reynolds wonderfully grew beneath the deftness and certainty of his brush. Though he had said that it would take much longer than he had originally contemplated, he found that he was progressing with amazing speed, and though he would gladly have worked more slowly and less industriously so as to lengthen out the tale of these beautiful days, it seemed to be out of his power to keep back his hand. He was dragged along, as it were, by the gloriously galloping steeds of his own supreme gift; once in the room opposite the portrait, he could no more keep his fingers off his brush, or his brushes off his canvas, than could a drunkard alone with his cork-drawn intoxicants. Nor could he, for another and perhaps more potent reason, keep away from the house where the picture was, or, after a reasonable morning's work, lounge away the afternoon on the river. By cords he was drawn to the Mill House, for there was the chance (of not infrequent fulfilment) of meeting Joyce; and then he had to go to his extemporised studio, and the other frenzy possessed him.

But poor Buz had no pleasure in these days, and as they went by the old dog grew steadily worse. He was a constant occupant of the sofa, where he had established himself on the first morning of Charles' occupation, and if he was not, as was generally the case, in his place when Charles arrived of a morning, it was never long before there came at the door the request for admittance, daily feebler and more hesitating. Charles had to help him to his couch now, for he was too weak to climb up by himself, but he always managed a tap or two with his tail in acknowledgment of such assistance, and gave him long despairing glances out of dulled topaz eyes, that expressed his dumb bewilderment at his own suffering, the abandonment of his dismay that nobody could help him. Once, on entering, Charles found Joyce kneeling by the sofa, crying quietly. She got up when he entered, and openly wiped her eyes.

'I'm so glad you don't think me silly,' she said, 'for I feel sure you don't. Other people would say, as darling Granny does: 'It's only a dog. Only! What more do you want?'

Charles laid a comforting hand on Buz's head, and stroked his ears.

'I could easily cry too,' he said, 'for helplessness, and because we can't make him understand that we would help if we possibly could. What did the vet say yesterday?'

Joyce shook her head.

'There's no hope,' she said. 'There would have to be an operation anyhow, and probably he would die under it. He wouldn't get over it altogether in any case. He's too old. Mr. Gray told me I had much better have him killed, but I can't bear it. I know I ought to, but I am such a beastly coward. He sent a bottle and a syringe this morning. There it is on the chimneypiece. I can't bear that the groom or coachman should do it, or the vet. And I can't do it myself, though it's just the only thing that I *could* do for poor darling Buz.'

Charles turned from the dog to her.

'Let me do it, Miss Wroughton,' he said. 'I know what you mean. You can't bear that a stranger like a coachman should do it. But Buz always liked me, you know, and rather trusted me. You mean that, don't you?'

Joyce gave a great sigh.

'Yes, oh, just that,' she said. 'How well you understand? But would you really do it for me?'

Charles went across to the chimneypiece, and looked at what the vet had sent.

'Yes, it's perfectly simple,' he said. 'I see what it is. I did it for a dog of my own once. It's quite instantaneous; he won't feel anything.'

'And when?' said Joyce piteously, as if demanding a respite.

'I think now,' said Charles. 'He's dying; he won't know anything.'

Joyce bit her lip, but nodded to him. Then she bent down over the sofa once more, and kissed Buz on his nose, and on the top of his head. Then, without looking at Charles again, she went out of the room.

This aroused Buz, but before many minutes were past he had dozed off again. Then Charles filled the little syringe, wiped the end of it, so that the bitterness should not startle him, and, gently pushing back the loose-skinned corner of his lip, he inserted the nozzle, and discharged it. A little shiver went through the dog, and he stretched out his legs, and then moved no more at all.

Charles went to the door, and found Joyce standing outside.

'It's all over,' he said. 'Buz felt nothing whatever.'

Joyce was not up to speaking, but she took his hand between both of hers, pressing it.

(To be continued.)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

To the Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the article on David Livingstone by Sir H. H. Johnston, in the March issue of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, there are some misconceptions which I rely on your courtesy to allow me to correct, as they are not only at variance with facts, but reflect in some measure upon my personal character.

The incidents to which these statements relate occurred some years before Sir Harry Johnston entered the field of African exploration, and he is therefore compelled to rely on second-hand evidence. His principal authority is a clergyman, who, at the date of these events, was living in a comfortable English parsonage, far removed from the malarial coast of Zanzibar. 'According to the Rev. Horace Waller,' says Sir Harry Johnston, 'Prideaux, who for a time during Livingstone's last journeys was the Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, laid himself open to criticism in history for his seeming indifference towards Livingstone's interests, not only whilst he was alive, but when his dead body was brought back a distance of nearly a thousand miles overland to be conveyed to England.' What are the facts? Livingstone died on May 1, 1873, while I did not receive charge of the Consulate till the following December. It is obvious therefore that, while Livingstone was alive, his interests were never in my hands. During the seven months that intervened between May and December, and for some years previously, Dr. Kirk was Agent and Consul at Zanzibar, and that this old and tried comrade of Dr. Livingstone neglected his friend's interests is a statement that carries its own refutation on the face of it.

The news of the death of Dr. Livingstone reached Zanzibar a day or two after I had assumed charge of the Consulate. As soon as I heard that the caravan which accompanied his body to the coast was approaching Bagamoyo, I asked the senior naval officer at Zanzibar to grant me the services of a man-of-war to convey the remains to the island. Captain Lindsay Brine placed H.M.S. *Vulture* at my disposal. On arrival at Bagamoyo I received charge

of the body, which was enclosed in a package made up to resemble a bale of cotton, as the passage of a corpse through their territories was tabooed by several tribes along the line of route. This package was reverently placed on board the *Vulture*, and Captain Brooke, who commanded that vessel, was good enough to have an enclosure set up on deck, in order to protect it from idle curiosity. When the vessel reached Zanzibar, the remains were taken to the Consulate, and the package was opened in my presence by Dr. Robb, the Agency surgeon. The body had been rudely, but efficiently, embalmed with brandy and salt, and although the features were dried and shrunken, I was able to recognise them as those of Dr. Livingstone, to whom I had been introduced at Oxford in 1857. As the mail steamer by which I had arrived at Zanzibar had left with Dr. Kirk on board a few days previously, and the next was not due for nearly a month, the body remained at the Consulate, and in the interval the Fathers of the Lazarist Mission at Bagamoyo kindly complied with my request to have leaden and wooden shells made for the reception of the corpse during the voyage to England. Sir Harry Johnston refers to the efforts made by Livingstone in instituting the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and it is interesting to record that on Christmas Day, 1873, while his remains were drawing near to the town, at the request of Bishop Tozer, I laid the first stone of the Cathedral of Zanzibar, on the site of the old slave-market, in the presence of Dr. Steere, the Head of the Mission, who shortly afterwards succeeded Dr. Tozer in the bishopric, and the European community of the place.

Sir Harry Johnston further states that when 'the little cortège' which conveyed Livingstone's body reached Zanzibar, 'they were most coldly received by Captain Prideaux.' This is the unkindest cut of all. Livingstone's black followers were brought over to Zanzibar by me. As soon as they arrived there, they one and all demanded their pay, which was many months in arrear, and subsistence money while they remained in the island. They had brought with them a few effects belonging to Livingstone, which were of no money value, but of actual cash there was not a rupee. England was not then in telegraphic communication with Zanzibar, and I was called upon to act entirely on my own responsibility. I felt I could not leave these poor fellows to starve in the streets of Zanzibar, and I therefore arranged with a wealthy Indian merchant of the place, Tharya Topan, one of those large-hearted traders of

Bombay who have done so much to make the reputation of the Western Presidency, to advance me the requisite sum. Livingstone's accounts were not in good order, and it involved a great deal of time and trouble to ascertain the amount that was due to each man. The total came to about 1,500*l.*, a sum which I could very ill afford. The next question was, to whom should I look for repayment? Livingstone held a consular commission from the Foreign Office, although I believe he had drawn no salary for some years. He had also come out to Africa under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, which, as Sir Harry Johnston points out, had derived no small advantage from its connexion with him, and it was to that body that I first applied for a refund, but I met with a blank refusal. At length, after a period of anxiety lasting over a year, the Government consented to relieve me of this liability.

My conduct in the matter is contrasted by Sir Harry Johnston with the 'sagacity and generosity' of James Young, the great chemist of Glasgow, through whose action Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright were present at Livingstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Well, Mr. Young was a wealthy man, and I was a poor one; but if it had not been for my action in sending Susi and his colleagues to England with Livingstone's body under the charge of my friend, the late Mr. Arthur Laing, how would Mr. Young have got them into Westminster Abbey? Looking back after the lapse of nearly forty years, I must confess I think I deserved better treatment than I have received at the hands of Sir Harry Johnston. I arrived in Zanzibar shortly after the conclusion of the treaty which Sir Bartle Frere made with Sayyid Barghash for the suppression of the sea-traffic in slaves, and Englishmen were naturally looked on with dislike and distrust by the Arabs. Shortly before I took over charge a naval officer had been murdered on the coast near Lamu, and a few weeks after my arrival a lay-reader was also killed after an altercation with a gang of Arab slave-traders nearly opposite Zanzibar. A slaveboy was shot on the doorstep of the Consulate, and one night, when sleeping in my verandah, I was awakened by the sound of a shot, and in the morning picked up a flattened bullet which had struck the wall against which my pillow rested. It was a period of trouble and anxiety, and in the midst of it I was called on to deal with the Livingstone business,

and to incur a considerable personal liability in connexion with it. My only reward has been 'to lay myself open to criticism in history.'

Your obedient servant,

W. F. PRIDEAUX, Colonel.

Villa Paradis, Hyères.

I gladly accept Colonel W. F. Prideaux's disclaimer of any justification for the criticisms and implied strictures in the late Rev. Horace Waller's preface and editorial notes published with the 'Last Journals of David Livingstone.' I am sorry these remarks of Mr. Waller's should have gone so long unchallenged (seemingly), and that in consequence of this I should have attached credit and importance to these passages, which are obviously very unjust towards Colonel Prideaux. I shall take an early opportunity of correcting this wrong version of the attitude of Colonel Prideaux in a book I am writing on this period of African exploration: and perhaps Messrs. John Murray, the publishers of the 'Last Journals' might consider whether, in new editions of that work, Mr. Waller's references to Colonel Prideaux should not be similarly amended.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

